

The Key 2 Time – The Destroyer of Delights, by Jonathan Clements

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Previously on Doctor Who.

AMY: The Key To Time is a perfect cube which maintains the equilibrium of Time itself. When its six crystal segments are assembled, it can stop and start the universe. It can re-write matter and change the states of quanta. It can restore balance.

DOCTOR: And the six crystal segments are currently scattered through all Time and Space, disguised as anything and anyone.

AMY: Yes.

DOCTOR: Thought so.

AMY: One crystal segment. I'm going to put it in my satchel.

DOCTOR: Your satchel?

AMY: The inside is in a different universe, with amazing powers this universe can barely conceive.

DOCTOR: And such a pretty colour. So what, once they're in the satchel, no one can touch them?

AMY: Yes.

DOCTOR: Holes being eaten in Time.

AMY: It's Zara.

DOCTOR: Or the remaining segments. They're all starting to decay. That's why you and Zara have to find them.

AMY: Yes.

DOCTOR: You should have told me.

AMY: I didn't think you'd want to know.

DOCTOR: That the Key to Time is collapsing and with it the whole of the universe?

AMY: And it's your fault.

ISSKAR: You and Amy are coming with me.

DOCTOR: What? Why?

ISSKAR: We still have orders.

DOCTOR: You hear that?

AMY: The engine.

DOCTOR: It's warping space, moving us faster than light.

DOCTOR: Don't do this Zara, please.

ZARA: Is it me, or are those control banks getting warm? Goodbye, everyone.

(Wibble.)

ICE WARRIOR: My Lord Isskar.

ISSKAR: The controls are not working. Doctor, what can you do?

DOCTOR: I'm not getting anything, from anywhere. It's all feeding back on itself. Zara could have gone back in time and done anything.

AMY: There must be something.

DOCTOR: That's it! I know what to do.

AMY: What? Tell me. I can help. What are you going to...?

(Sudden silence.)

AMY: Do. Oh. That wasn't difficult at all. You had me worried.

DOCTOR: That wasn't me. I didn't even have a chance to do anything.

AMY: So who saved us?

DOCTOR: Er... I think *he* did.

AMY: Oh no! They're not meant to get involved.

CASSIM: Doctor, I hope you can explain.

DOCTOR: Too late, Amy, I think he *is* involved.

AMY: But he's... he's...

DOCTOR: Yes. He's the Black Guardian.

[Part One]

BLACK GUARDIAN: Explain yourself.

DOCTOR: Explain? I've been clearing up everybody else's mess, yours included, trying to reassemble that blasted Key to Time. Six pieces hidden and scattered across Time and Space and I have to find it in bits like some ghastly apocalyptic treasure hunt.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You are working for The Grace.

DOCTOR: Well, I imagine that information is on a need-to-know basis.

BLACK GUARDIAN: As if I could not be trusted.

DOCTOR: We're trying to restore Time, not hand it over to you.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Give me the pieces of the Key.

DOCTOR: Amy? Amy. (snaps fingers) She's not moving. What have you done to Amy?

BLACK GUARDIAN: I have frozen her in Time, along with everything else. Hand over your pieces of the Key.

DOCTOR: Come and get them.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You dare disobey the Black Guardian?

DOCTOR: Yes.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Do not test my patience, Doctor. I stopped this vessel's plunge into the sun. I can start it again. You will die in fire.

DOCTOR: But who would do The Grace's dirty work then?

BLACK GUARDIAN: I am warning you.

DOCTOR: Lot of warning going on, not a lot of smiting though. Why is that? Why not just snap your fingers and seize the pieces?

BLACK GUARDIAN: Er... mmm... er... that's a bad idea.

DOCTOR: It would be, wouldn't it? Because in that satchel they are already beyond Time, and that means, they're beyond your reach.

BLACK GUARDIAN: (calmer, softer voice) Oh, we are so clever, aren't we?

DOCTOR: What happened to your big boomy voice?

BLACK GUARDIAN: It didn't seem to work on you. I thought I would conserve some energy.

DOCTOR: Not like you to worry about power consumption. Entropy must be kicking in.

BLACK GUARDIAN: I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, oh right, Black Guardian, he's going to be a giant man in black with a loud shouty voice.

DOCTOR: Something like that, yes.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Well, I think that's a bit of a stereotype.

DOCTOR: I don't need theatrics to know who you are. You lied to me. You tried to kill me!

BLACK GUARDIAN: There's more to me than that.

DOCTOR: Than deception and deceit?

BLACK GUARDIAN: Doctor, there's no need to be so negative.

DOCTOR: Negative? Negative is what you are. It's the very essence of your being.

BLACK GUARDIAN: That's what I'm talking about right there.

DOCTOR: Excuse me?

BLACK GUARDIAN: That kind of attitude. I am responsible for fifty per cent of reality, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Fifty per cent, yes. All the lies.

BLACK GUARDIAN: I resent this idea that the White Guardian is somehow nicer because he puts on that ridiculous dodderly old man routine. He can change his shape just as easily as me. He's the other fifty per cent of the universe. He's bureaucracy and red-tape and executions and persecutions. It's not all wicker chairs and safari suits. I'm not negative, I'm not evil. I'm the opposite of Law. Am I getting through, or are you just letting me ramble?

DOCTOR: I see no point in arguing with you when you can secure my silence with a wave of your hand, as you have done to Amy here.

BLACK GUARDIAN: People think chaos is bad. It's not. Too much law is bad. I'm here to make things interesting. Nit of variation, bit of... colour.

DOCTOR: You strive for mastery of all reality. I won't let you reduce this to something trivial like... like toast landing butter side down.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Dinner with your mother-in-law. That's law. See? In-law. The clues are all there. That's all I'm saying. So don't give me any of this fight the power nonsense, 'cos right now, that particular power is what's keeping you and your companion from being sucked into the heart of a burning sun.

DOCTOR: You are an entity of unspeakable God-like capabilities. However, you have decided to dress yourself up in that body with this absurd... absurd...

BLACK GUARDIAN: Cheeky chappie routine?

DOCTOR: Façade. I am well aware what you are capable of. Some new interface won't help. I remember what you did to Turlough.

BLACK GUARDIAN: I didn't do anything.

DOCTOR: You told him to kill me.

BLACK GUARDIAN: He volunteered.
DOCTOR: Because otherwise you'd kill *him*. What kind of choice is that?
BLACK GUARDIAN: Well, bygones, eh?
DOCTOR: I only have a limited number of lives. I object to you treating them so lightly.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Doctor, right now I am saving this one, so perhaps a bit of gratitude.
DOCTOR: You wouldn't be here at all if you didn't want something. Ah. Energy. You want the segments for their energy value.
BLACK GUARDIAN: It would help, yes. The White Guardian and I are looking for the same thing.
DOCTOR: There are two pieces of the key left to find.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Yes, and unfortunately one is in... an organic configuration.
DOCTOR: And if you get the sixth piece before the fifth...
BLACK GUARDIAN: The removal of the host lifeform from the continuum with cause a temporal quake, yes.
DOCTOR: I'm sure you can get your minions on it right away.
BLACK GUARDIAN: I did, Doctor. I've had legions of assistance at work for millennia. I've been searching for a period that would make you weep. I'll wager the White Guardian has too, and we haven't found a thing.
DOCTOR: And where are your assistants now?
BLACK GUARDIAN: I'm finding it difficult to command.
DOCTOR: I bet you are.
BLACK GUARDIAN: It is harder to control large populations. I must resort to smaller circles of attention.
DOCTOR: Saying please wouldn't hurt either.
AMY: Doctor. Doctor! He is the Black Guardian. He is cloaked in a new body, but he is the Black Guardian. Don't listen to his lies.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Silence! You are supposed to be frozen in Time.
AMY: Well, now I'm not.
DOCTOR: Guardian?
BLACK GUARDIAN: What?
DOCTOR: Tell the truth. Did you un-freeze Amy?
BLACK GUARDIAN: I did not.
DOCTOR: Then your powers have faded further than you think. What happens if this ship unfreezes too? (Rumble.)
AMY: Doctor, we're moving. We're diving into the sun again.
BLACK GUARDIAN: A time limit. How ironic, a time limit on my power.
DOCTOR: Then use another! Get us out of here. Get us out of here right... (Boom!)

DOCTOR: Whoa!
AMY: Doctor, we're flying!
DOCTOR: At least we're not dying. Where are we?
BLACK GUARDIAN: I wanted to show you something. See that below us? That's the River Nile and the desert all around it. Africa during the Caliphate of... what was his name now? al-Mutawakkil.
DOCTOR: The 9th century, then. The Sudan, if I'm not much mistaken. And the next segment of the Key to Time is down there?
BLACK GUARDIAN: Well...
DOCTOR: Amy?
AMY: I feel nothing. I mean, there is a tingle of something, but it's not like when a segment is close.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Right, my dear. My feelings exactly.
DOCTOR: So you have taken us somewhere where the segment is... not.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Everywhere is where it is not, Doctor. This is my problem. So I gave up here, and tried... here.
DOCTOR: Oh! Ah!
AMY: Doctor, I can't see.
BLACK GUARDIAN: There's nothing *to* see, my dear. We are rolling within currents of boiling magma deep below the crust of a planet.
AMY: But we'd be...
BLACK GUARDIAN: Yes. You would have been warm enough out in the Sudan without my forcefield and here, well, you'd be dead already.
DOCTOR: But where are we exactly?
BLACK GUARDIAN: We are three miles beneath the surface of Murphax Seven, orbiting a star in the constellation you call Perseus.
DOCTOR: And the segment is...?
AMY: Not here either, Doctor.
BLACK GUARDIAN: A volcanic eruption is imminent. The tectonic plates are crunching on each other. The magma worms are migrating south, but... no segment.

AMY: I feel like it should be here, but it's not.

DOCTOR: Guardian, considering the apparent time limit on your powers...

BLACK GUARDIAN: Yes...

DOCTOR: And the fact we are in the middle of a sea of red-hot lava...

BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, yeah. Good point. So, after a few more millennia of searching, I found... this.

(A Corvid caws.)

DOCTOR: Oh, I quite like this planet.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You know it?

DOCTOR: Oh, yes, yes, yes. It's Alpha Three.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Well done, Doctor. It has an atmosphere and this is taxing me more than I expected so I'm going to lay off on the forcefield.

AMY: Oh, I'm cold.

DOCTOR: The ice age is setting in. This dead forest will be gone soon.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Under a mile of ice for ten thousand years, crushed into coal and diamonds and then forgotten.

DOCTOR: I like the stars here. They bunch together to make a nice crescent in the sky.

BLACK GUARDIAN: That's as maybe, Doctor.

AMY: I still can't feel any pieces of the Key.

BLACK GUARDIAN: And yet these locations were the prime candidates. The prime candidates in aeons of searching on my part.

DOCTOR: We need that segment.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Everyone does, Doctor. But the truth is, I can't find it. I cannot offer any advice as to its location.

DOCTOR: Well, that makes three of us.

AMY: Does this mean that I have failed, Doctor?

DOCTOR: No, no, Amy, of course not.

BLACK GUARDIAN: We all have. You will be always looking in the wrong place. It doesn't have to be with kings and princes in places that have plumbing and central heating.

DOCTOR: I know. A piece of the Key to Time could just as easily be a grain of sand, or a leopard's tooth...

BLACK GUARDIAN: An atom of snot. A blob of molten lava at the centre of a planet, but regardless, I have searched through all of Time, and I cannot find it.

DOCTOR: If that is true then we are truly lost. Time will end.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Yes.

DOCTOR: Unless...

BLACK GUARDIAN: See, this is why I like you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No. Actually, no, no, no. That wouldn't work.

BLACK GUARDIAN: We're pretty much out of options so whatever it is, give it a whirl.

DOCTOR: Unless we try something entirely random.

BLACK GUARDIAN: In what way?

DOCTOR: You are being methodical in your own way. You are looking everywhere.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Yes. Behind the metaphorical sofa, under the figurative bed.

DOCTOR: But if that doesn't work then you might only find the Key if you search in a way that is heedless of sense, entirely ruled by chaos.

BLACK GUARDIAN: I like where this is going. A brilliant idea. A wonderful validation of chaos itself.

DOCTOR: Do I have a choice?

BLACK GUARDIAN: The choice is yours to make. Waste eternity searching as I have, or take a leap of faith. I shall track you down as soon as I find where you have gone, but Doctor?

DOCTOR: What?

BLACK GUARDIAN: I feel something I have never felt before. I sense the creep of entropy.

DOCTOR: You have never felt what it is to be mortal, have you? You know half of everything, but not what it is to be nothing.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Well, I understand the theory. I mean, it's like being immortal, but at some point you, er, stop.

DOCTOR: It stands at your shoulder, doesn't it? Breathing in your ear, whispering that you are diminishing.

BLACK GUARDIAN: That's it, that's how I feel. Is this how it is for everyone? I have this awful sense of... Time.

DOCTOR: If Time is wearing at your powers, then every second counts.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, transportation is but a trifle. I am sure I can manage it.

DOCTOR: I fear that we are wasting time, even as Time is wasting us.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You have a point, Doctor. I shall do what I can to send you on your way, and I shall catch up with you when I can, if I can.

DOCTOR: Amy, take my hand.

AMY: What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: We are going on a journey.
BLACK GUARDIAN: This has to be your decision. Speak, and I will make it so.
AMY: Where are we going?
DOCTOR: I really have no idea. Guardian, do what you must.
(Whoosh!)
AMY: Doctor! I can't hold on!
DOCTOR: No, Amy, give me your other hand! Hang on!
AMY: Doctor...!

(Thud.)
DOCTOR: Amy? Amy? Where are you, Amy?
MAN: A man. I see a man in the desert.
HASAN: He is shouting something.
MAN 2: It is a bandit. A scout for the brigands of the sands.
MAN: Kill him, Hasan. Kill him!
HASAN: I see you, desert bandit.
DOCTOR: What? Wait!
BLACK GUARDIAN [OC]: Doctor! Look out!

VIZIER: Lord Cassim? Lord Cassim?
CASSIM: Sorry, what?
VIZIER: Are you troubled, Lord Cassim? I can dismiss the minstrels from the throne room, if you desire.
CASSIM: Er, no, no, no. I was just remembering something. Something from long, long ago. Strange that it should become so clear to me now.
VIZIER: You called for a doctor?
CASSIM: No, it was nothing. A dream. I had nearly forgotten the shifts of Time wash away everything in the end.
VIZIER: Should I get the Interpreter of Dreams?
CASSIM: No. Continue.
VIZIER: I thought for tonight's entertainment, story-tellers?
CASSIM: Not more about wily merchants and dark-eyed slave girls. Try and keep it to a minimum, eh?
VIZIER: Ape dancers, bear leaders? Popular with the soldiers.
CASSIM: More performing animals? Oh, if you must.
VIZIER: Some jugglers.
CASSIM: Juggling what?
VIZIER: Balls... probably.
CASSIM: Can't they juggle something else?
VIZIER: Like what?
CASSIM: Each other?
VIZIER: Ah! No. We have acrobats too.
CASSIM: Fine.
VIZIER: Oh - and a troupe of darats.
CASSIM: What do they do?
VIZIER: Well, they perform tricks with human wind.
CASSIM: I beg your pardon?
VIZIER: They... well... they are professional farters, my Lord.
CASSIM: That's a profession?
VIZIER: Indeed it is.
CASSIM: I despair of the arts.

DOCTOR: No, I am not a bandit. I'm just... lost.
HASAN: Then you are a Khurafa?
DOCTOR: A what?
HASAN: A teller of unlikely tales, a distraction.
DOCTOR: I am looking for a girl in a white dress. Have you seen...?
HASAN: Where is the ambush? Where are your criminal brethren?
DOCTOR: It's just me and Amy, so please, point that lance somewhere else.
HASAN: (shouts) Know you, and any eavesdroppers, our camel train is heavily guarded. Your fellows will perish before our lances and swords. You shall be claimed by the Maker of Orphans, whose name cannot be spoken.
DOCTOR: I have no desire to fight you.
HASAN: Oh. Oh well. True, you do not seem to be armed. You are willing to surrender. You may live as my

slave and I can sell you on.

DOCTOR: No. No, no, listen. I think you really have got things all wrong. Look, you see, I am not attacking you, I am all alone in the desert looking for a friend. Just look at me.

HASAN: Well, you are unkempt and caked in sand, that is true. Ha. Almost as if you have fallen out of the sky.

DOCTOR: I could tell you some stories.

HASAN: You *are* a teller of tales.

DOCTOR: I am the Doctor.

HASAN: (shouts) It is all right. He is a doctor of stories! (Speaking:) Are you going to city of Dunqulah too?

DOCTOR: Quite possibly.

HASAN: My name is Hasan. I am sorry I called you a Khurafa. You probably hear that all the time.

DOCTOR: Er... not really.

(Walking in a courtyard.)

VIZIER: Nisrin, there you are.

NISRIN: Vizier, peace be upon you.

VIZIER: Yes, yes... Lord Cassim has approved forty entertainments.

NISRIN: What, again?

VIZIER: Yes. It is as if he is already at a party in Paradise.

NISRIN: The kitchen slaves will be...

VIZIER: They will be busy. They will cook food for all.

NISRIN: But they will be...

VIZIER: Otherwise I shall visit upon them the Sunderer of Companies whose name cannot be spoken.

NISRIN: Of course, Vizier. I shall tell them.

(Cry, splash.)

AMY: (distant) Doctor? Doctor.

VIZIER: Some slave girl has fallen in the courtyard fountain. What kind of house are you running, Nisrin?

AMY: Doctor? Where are you?

NISRIN: I do not recognise her.

VIZIER: hmm, she must be one of the new Frankish slaves. Teach her some decorum, or I shall teach you.

NISRIN: Yes, Vizier. Sorry, Vizier.

NISRIN: You, girl. Out of the fountain.

AMY: My satchel. I can't find my satchel.

NISRIN: I see you've found your tongue, though. Cease your shouting. You're in forty kinds of trouble.

AMY: I've lost my satchel. I've lost everything. Is this what it feels like?

NISRIN: What *what* feels like?

AMY: Pain.

NISRIN: Oh, you poor mouse. You're a new slave, aren't you?

AMY: Where is the Doctor?

NISRIN: You don't need one.

AMY: I... don't need him?

NISRIN: You don't need a doctor. You are not hurt.

AMY: Has he deserted me? Will you help me?

NISRIN: I shall help you avoid a whipping. What is your name?

AMY: Amy.

NISRIN: I am Nisrin, Amy.

AMY: Are you a friend?

NISRIN: Right now I am the best friend you could have. Come, let us get you some proper clothes, before the Vizier has you beaten.

HASAN: Stay away from the camels, Doctor, they bite.

DOCTOR: And spit, as I've just discovered.

HASAN: Just keep back. This whole caravan is heading in the same direction. Walk along with us, and you will reach Dunqulah soon enough.

DOCTOR: You are transporting food?

HASAN: We have forty kinds of cargo.

DOCTOR: That's rather exact.

HASAN: No, no. Forty is not a precise number, it just means, well, lots. Uncountable.

DOCTOR: Oh, I see.

HASAN: Fruits and sweetmeats from the furthest reaches of the world. Swords from Al-Andalus where the land meets the western ocean. Rare jades from the edges of Cathay. Sweetmeats from the jungles of the east. White slaves from Idzil to the north. Black slaves from the deserts of the Zange. We are the life's blood

of the Caliphate.

DOCTOR: Did you say Caliphate?

HASAN: Yes. The Caliph rules from the great city far to the east.

DOCTOR: Wait. The Caliph al-Mutawakkil?

HASAN: Yes.

DOCTOR: I'm in the Sudan.

HASAN: What?

DOCTOR: I'm in one of the places where the segment almost was. I'm close.

HASAN: You say the strangest things. Are you from the world of war?

DOCTOR: Certainly not.

HASAN: You are a man of peace?

DOCTOR: Yes, of course I am.

HASAN: Then you are my brother.

DOCTOR: Excellent.

NISRIN: Amy. What are you doing on the roof? Downstairs in the Palace Hall there are jugglers and acrobats and darats.

AMY: Have I done wrong, Nisrin? You said my tasks for the day were done.

NISRIN: They are, but...

AMY: I was looking for my satchel. It is very important that I find it.

NISRIN: Ah, I see. And I thought you came to look at the stars.

AMY: I had not thought to look up. There is so little light in this town. The night sky is so dark and brimming with stars.

NISRIN: Do you know their names?

AMY: I have heard some. The White Sun? Mirfak. Al-firqah?

NISRIN: Oh, I don't know those, Amy. What about the bright ones?

AMY: Er, no. Only what I heard from the Doctor.

NISRIN: See that red one?

AMY: Yes.

NISRIN: That is Aldebaran, the Follower. And there, with the bluish tint.

AMY: Oh, yes.

NISRIN: That is Al-Rigel, the Knee of the Hunter. And there is Yad al-Jauza, his hand.

AMY: I have been to Al-firqah.

NISRIN: No you haven't.

AMY: It is cold there. I walked in a dead forest with the Doctor.

NISRIN: Don't be a Khurafa.

AMY: A what?

NISRIN: A teller of unlikely tales.

AMY: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say anything wrong. Are stories bad?

NISRIN: No. No. It's an old, old legend of the desert peoples. Khurafa was a man, a man of the tribe of Udhrak. He disappeared one day and when he returned, he said he had been carried off by the Djinn.

AMY: He was abducted?

NISRIN: Mmm. By the creatures of subtle fire whose trails are seen in the night skies.

AMY: And nobody believed his stories?

NISRIN: Of course not. He spun outrageous fictions of distant worlds and strange creatures visited by the Djinn.

AMY: Do you not believe in the Djinn? In these creatures from other stars?

NISRIN: Well, I don't know. How could I know?

AMY: You know the names of the stars.

NISRIN: Huh. Those were bestowed by the Arabs.

AMY: Do all the stars have Arab names?

NISRIN: Who else would name them? No other people has the sky, or the time or the patience.

AMY: Really?

NISRIN: That is what Prince Omar says. He knows them all. Alchiba - the tent, Aldib - the wolf, Altair, the flying eagle.

AMY: And he tells you these things?

NISRIN: I have been studying a book of stars.

AMY: Because Prince Omar likes it?

NISRIN: So Prince Omar will like me.

CASSIM: Sorry I'm late. How are we doing?

(Deep voice of alien:)

DJINNI: Did anyone see you, Cassim?

CASSIM: That's why I'm late. I had to wait until the guards were sure to have gone. So, are we there? Do we have enough gold?
DJINNI: I am checking.
COMPUTER: (unintelligible)
DJINNI: No.
CASSIM: No?
DJINNI: I still need more. There must be more gold tomorrow.
CASSIM: We are cutting this really close. We might be dead tomorrow.
DJINNI: Then try harder! More gold. I need more gold.

(Camp fire.)

DOCTOR: The stars are so bright in the desert, Hasan.
HASAN: Bright and cold on a night like this, Doctor. Wrap this around you.
DOCTOR: Thanks.
HASAN: You are lucky I found you, Doctor. You were walking away from the city into the desert.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Hasan. I'm in your debt.
HASAN: And to think I thought you were a bandit. I have become too suspicious, even for a caravan leader.
DOCTOR: Is it far to the city?
HASAN: No. A camel or horse can cover the ground at speed, but the caravan is slow. So it will be another day, I think, *if* the city is still there.
DOCTOR: Why would it not be?
HASAN: Because of Cassim. Because of Lord Cassim.
DOCTOR: What's wrong with him?
HASAN: They say he is mad. For two years he has hoarded the gold from his mines.
DOCTOR: But if the mines are his, surely he is entitled.
HASAN: He must still pay his tithe to the Caliph at the Great City. Refusing to do so invites a company of the Depopulator of Polities whose name cannot be spoken.
DOCTOR: What?
HASAN: The soldiers of the Caliph will force Cassim to pay at the point of a sword.
DOCTOR: Why can't he just cough up? What does he need all the gold for?
HASAN: Mmm, who knows?
DOCTOR: Someone should have a word with him.
HASAN: And soon.

CASSIM: Omar, my son. Good morning.
OMAR: You have not taken full leave of your senses, then?
CASSIM: Whatever do you mean?
OMAR: You still recognise your family, Lord Cassim.
CASSIM: Must we do this again?
OMAR: But not your responsibilities.
CASSIM: Do not question me, Omar. You cannot possibly understand.
OMAR: You are withholding two years of gold from the Caliph, for no reason.
CASSIM: Do not hector me on reason. Show some respect.
OMAR: The tax collector will not come with respect, Father. He will come with siege engines and forty soldiers.
CASSIM: Is that all?
OMAR: Uncountable numbers of soldiers. He will come with full authority, and he will bring the Severer of Societies...
CASSIM: Whose name cannot be spoken.
OMAR: Of course.
CASSIM: Such gentility. You will defy your father, but you can't bring yourself to say the D word. Comes to you all in the end. Nothing to be afraid of.
OMAR: He shall come to you sooner, Father, unless you pay the Caliph what you owe.
CASSIM: I don't see why this bothers you so much, Omar. I'm sure that if I am carted off by...
OMAR: Please don't say that word.
CASSIM: By the Breaker of Ties whose name cannot be spoken, then the Caliph will put you in charge. You will get your birthright sooner.
OMAR: I am not a disloyal son. I think only of responsibilities to come. It is as the poet says. Man's life is his fair name, and not his length of years. Man's end is his ill-fame and not the day that nears.
CASSIM: Thanks for pointing that out, Omar. And there was me thinking your inheritance was already yours to command.
OMAR: You will leave me nothing but ruins and sand!
CASSIM: Do not duel with poetry. I have forgotten more than you have heard. The same poet says, 'Tis not

the age that moves my scorn, but those who in the Age are born.

OMAR: You think I'm too young to talk sense? Your actions are against all law, against all reason.

CASSIM: Yes, I get that a lot.

HASAN: It is morning, Doctor. Wake up. Up! We have much ground to cover today. The camels are already stirring.

DOCTOR: The city must be close. I think I can see smoke from its fires.

HASAN: Really? Where?

DOCTOR: There.

HASAN: Where?

DOCTOR: Look. On the horizon.

HASAN: By all that is holy.

DOCTOR: Is that not the smoke of city fires?

HASAN: No Doctor, that is not smoke. It is sand. (shouts) Everyone, attend! Buran! Buran to the East! Pick up the pace! We must run for Dunqulah!

DOCTOR: What is it?

HASAN: Doctor, truly I think you fell out of the sky. It is a buran.

DOCTOR: Is that a sandstorm?

HASAN: It is so much more than that. It is a hell of sand. It is a desert in the air, a whirlwind like forty knives. We must flee.

DOCTOR: We can find shelter.

HASAN: We must outrun it, or we shall be victims of the Cause of Sorrow whose name cannot be spoken.

DOCTOR: But Hasan, I see other tents close by - look.

HASAN: Forget them.

DOCTOR: We can seek shelter with them. They won't refuse a guest in the desert.

HASAN: We do not want to be their guests.

DOCTOR: Why not?

HASAN: Those are the tents of the Caliph's soldiers. They are coming to bring sorrow to Lord Cassim.

DOCTOR: Surely they will shelter us?

HASAN: I do not want to be associated with them. Run! Everyone, run for the city!

DOCTOR: Hasan, you'll never make it in time. The soldiers' camp is the sensible option! Why make your life difficult? Hasan! Hasan!

(Slapping wet cloth against stones.)

AMY: Oh... Ah...

NISRIN: Don't stop, Amy. We have another crate of clothes to wash.

AMY: This is tiring.

NISRIN: Well, I suppose we can rest for a moment. New slaves always have trouble adjusting.

AMY: I'm a slave?

NISRIN: Yes. Did you think you fell out of the sky? What did you think you were?

AMY: I, er... I thought...

NISRIN: I was never one such as you. I don't remember being free.

AMY: Slaves are not made?

NISRIN: They are made, Amy, but they are made by fate, not by artifice. My parents were probably al-Majers of the white-haired people of the Northlands.

AMY: You have parents? You *have* had a fortunate life.

NISRIN: *Un*fortunate, Amy. I see the language is still new to you. I was taken from them when I was still a child, sold at Ithil to slavers from the Caliphate. A new name was chosen for me.

AMY: Someone did that for you? I had so much trouble coming up with mine.

NISRIN: You are a strange girl, Amy.

AMY: Teach me, then. Teach me to be like you. I want to learn.

NISRIN: The tasks of a slave are hardly complicated, Amy. Surely I do not need to tell you how to use a mop and a bucket?

AMY: What is a mop?

NISRIN: Are you taunting me, Amy? This is no time for...

OMAR: And who is this?

NISRIN: Her name is Am...

OMAR: Can she not speak for herself?

NISRIN: Well, go on.

AMY: I am Amy. And you must be Prince Omar, who loves the stars.

NISRIN: You can give her another name, master.

OMAR: This Amy will be fine.

AMY: Good, for it was chosen with much debate...

NISRIN: Amy! Do not speak unless spoken to. I am sorry, Master. She is new to her tasks.
AMY: I am quite unique, Prince Omar.
OMAR: I'll say.
AMY: But it is possible to make more of me.
OMAR: Isn't that always the way with the prettiest slaves? You two should get inside. A storm is coming.

GUARD: Who goes there?
DOCTOR: I am the Doctor.
GUARD: We sent for no doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know. I, I was just wondering...
GUARD: Guards, we have an intruder. Bandit on the sands.
DOCTOR: The sands will kill me. I was hoping that you might offer me some shelter.
GUARD: Archers, at the ready.
DOCTOR: Oh dear.

AMY: Nisrin, why do you look at me so? Have I done something wrong?
NISRIN: Not yet, Amy.
AMY: What is it? I don't want you to be angry.
NISRIN: Prince Omar is mine. He belongs to me.
AMY: I thought you belonged to him.
NISRIN: Yes. Yes, in a manner of speaking. We are slaves now.
AMY: Now?
NISRIN: For the masters, we are part of the furniture, invisible until the day when we are not.
AMY: I do not understand.
NISRIN: There is a way out of this, Amy. Become the mother of a Prince, the helpmeet of a Lord, and you can put slavery behind you.
AMY: Oh, right. I should try that, then?
NISRIN: No you should not, Amy! Flutter your eyelashes at Omar again, and I shall introduce you to the Destroyer of Delights.

GUARD 1: After him. Don't let him escape.
GUARD 2: I've got him. You'll dodge our arrows but you'll not dodge me.
DOCTOR: I am a man of peace. Apparently that helps.
GUARD 1: We are soldiers, or did that escape your notice? Let's get him back to the camp, out of the storm.
GUARD 2: Good idea.
DOCTOR: That's all I wanted in the first place. I know who you are. You are soldiers of the Caliphate, sent to bring justice to Lord Cassim's realm.
GUARD 2: Who told you this?
DOCTOR: My friend Hasan. He said he was my brother and offered me a part-share in a camel.
GUARD 1: Where is this brother of yours now?
DOCTOR: He ran for Dunqulah.
GUARD 2: He left you behind?
DOCTOR: Well, I suppose you could put it like that.
GUARD 1: He is in league with Cassim. He has gone to warn Cassim.
DOCTOR: No, I don't think that was what...
GUARD 2: And he has left you to distract us.
DOCTOR: Right, no - no, no. Let's start this again, because I appear to have got off on the wrong...
GUARD 1: Cut off his head! Execute the Khurafa.
DOCTOR: No, you've got it all wrong. Execute? All I wanted was to get out of the storm.
GUARD 1: Any last words?
DOCTOR: I am not a spy!
GUARD 2: We have no need of stories.
GUARD 1: Prepare to meet the Destroyer of Delights.

[Part Two]

LEGATE: (approaching) Wait!
GUARD 1: Your Excellency?
LEGATE: What are you doing with this man?
GUARD 2: He is a spy, sent to distract us from agents of Lord Cassim.
DOCTOR: I most certainly am not.
LEGATE: Er well, you'd better kill him, then.
GUARD 1: Yes, your Excellency.

LEGATE: That is, if you're sure you've judged this man correctly. Should I not be the judge of these things? We should at least let him say a word in his defence.

GUARD 2: But your Excellency...

DOCTOR: I think you've missed the point of desert hospitality. I'm pretty sure that I am your guest...

GUARD 1: Be silent!

DOCTOR: And if I am your guest, you must offer me water and shelter.

GUARD 2: I shall offer you a swift execution once the Legate approves of it.

DOCTOR: The presumption of innocence. How about that? Innocent until proven guilty.

GUARD 1: Talk all you like, storyteller. It shall not delay your meeting with the Destroyer of Delights.

DOCTOR: Who?

LEGATE: Death, er, Doctor. He means death. The people here are very superstitious. They will not say the word.

DOCTOR: You would kill me for the crime of being in the wrong place? Where is the justice in that? Is there no law out here in the...? Wait a minute. How do you know my name?

HASAN: Prince Omar!

OMAR: Hasan. Hasan, you look awful.

HASAN: I was caught in the storm of whirling sands.

OMAR: What of the caravan?

HASAN: As I, dirty and scuffed, but all in one piece. But there is news. As the buran arose, I spied soldiers' tents on the sand ready to wait out the storm.

OMAR: The Legate of the Caliph?

HASAN: Some forty tents bear his livery, and I saw the arms of great catapults and carts to carry forests of arrows. He is close at hand.

OMAR: And behind him like a shadow, the Garner of Graveyards.

HASAN: Whose name cannot be spoken.

OMAR: You saw the Legate yourself?

HASAN: No, my Prince. I ran for the city ahead of the storm, leaving my friend behind.

OMAR: What friend?

HASAN: A storyteller who thought of himself as a doctor. I fear that he is sure to make the acquaintance of the Legate.

OMAR: And after that, the edge of his sword.

LEGATE: I will not stand around and argue in this storm. My tent is far more civilised. Just let me peel off this scarf. The sand gets everywhere. Oh, do excuse me. Have a seat.

DOCTOR: This is a tent. There aren't any chairs.

GUARD 1: Kneel! Kneel before the Legate of the Caliph.

GUARD 2: Kneel, and tremble before the agent of Law.

DOCTOR: The agent of...? You mean the White Guardian. The White Guardian is...

LEGATE: Hello, Doctor. Found you at last.

AMY: Something is not right.

NISRIN: Yes Amy, you are not sweeping.

AMY: No, Nisrin. There is someone close by. Someone with the embers of power about him.

NISRIN: Really?

AMY: What is the room below us?

NISRIN: It is the throne room of Lord Cassim himself.

AMY: Then that is what I sense.

NISRIN: As you wish. Now, back to work.

AMY: I recognise Prince Omar. He is here to talk with someone.

NISRIN: We should leave, quickly.

AMY: No, we should listen. It is what the Doctor would do.

OMAR: Hasan, it pains me to act thusly, but my father has lost his senses.

HASAN: My Prince, you cannot be thinking of defying him.

OMAR: I'm torn. Torn between my loyalty to the Caliphate, and my loyalty to my father. Both are appointed by God's will, but both are soon to vie with each other before the Depopulator of Polity.

HASAN: Whose name cannot be spoken.

OMAR: But I despair of his suicidal hoarding of gold that belongs to the Caliphate.

HASAN: Do you know where he keeps it?

OMAR: Not entirely.

HASAN: Know its location and you might know his reason.

OMAR: True enough. I shall follow him.

HASAN: Not you. Send someone expendable.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Soldiers, you did well to bring him to me. Now leave us.

DOCTOR: The new body suits you. Wondered when you would show up.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I doubt that very much, Doctor, else you would not have been hiding from me.

DOCTOR: Hiding?

WHITE GUARDIAN: In league with the Black Guardian, flinging yourself around the Space-Time continuum like it was going out of fashion.

DOCTOR: I was seeking a piece of the Key to Time.

WHITE GUARDIAN: With your new chum, the Black Guardian?

DOCTOR: He saved our lives. Well, my life. Have you seen Amy? Tell me you found her.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Have you learned nothing? Have you gone over to the dark side? The Black Guardian is everything that is wrong with the entire universe, and you let him make your travel arrangements?

DOCTOR: I was left with little choice. Time itself is disappearing and there is no sign of the next segment of the Key anywhere in history.

WHITE GUARDIAN: No sign?

DOCTOR: That's why I came here. Entirely at random.

WHITE GUARDIAN: You played spin-the-bottle with the Black Guardian.

DOCTOR: There's no need to get so shirty.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Shirty? You were the last hope for this entire universe, and you have squandered the opportunity.

DOCTOR: Ah, now I see. If the Black Guardian's powers are fading then yours are too.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I don't like the term fading. It sounds awfully... irreversible.

DOCTOR: Command me.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Sorry?

DOCTOR: Make me... make me stick my fingers up my nose.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Now who's being silly.

DOCTOR: Make me do it. Compel me to punch myself in the face.

WHITE GUARDIAN: This really isn't the time.

DOCTOR: This *is* the time. An entire dimension is collapsing into a single point. The fourth dimension is going to become indistinguishable from the first, and your powers are waning. Let's see you eight feet tall and spitting with the voice of a god.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I... don't feel like it.

DOCTOR: You can't do it. You're stuck in that body like you're stuck on this planet. You're stuck in five dimensions. You're stuck in five boring old dimensions like the rest of us.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I can't say that I enjoy living at your level.

DOCTOR: You're a slave of Time. You're having to experience the universe through human eyes.

WHITE GUARDIAN: One miserable second at a time.

DOCTOR: If you find a segment of the Key you'll get a little jolt, won't you? A little fix of what you once were.

WHITE GUARDIAN: That little fix as you put it can save worlds. It can halt entropy in its tracks.

DOCTOR: No, it can't. Otherwise you wouldn't have lost your powers in the first place.

AMY: Nisrin! Nisrin!

NISRIN: What is it, Amy?

AMY: Who is my master? If I am a slave, then I serve someone. Who is it?

NISRIN: Lord Cassim, of course.

AMY: Not Prince Omar?

NISRIN: Well, him as well.

AMY: Oh no. And you too.

NISRIN: What?

AMY: Nisrin, I have disobeyed you, and Omar disobeys Cassim, and Cassim is mad, and I serve all of you, and I don't know who I should obey. Oh, if only the Doctor were here.

NISRIN: Speak sense, Amy, or I shall knock some into you.

AMY: I listened.

NISRIN: After I told you not to?

AMY: I listened to Prince Omar and his friend Hasan. I know their plans.

NISRIN: That's enough!

AMY: I will act as if you are hurting me, if that will help.

NISRIN: Oh! You are as stubborn as... cattle.

OMAR: And as quiet as a mouse.

NISRIN: Prince Omar, the slave does not understand her duties. She has disobeyed one time too many. She must pay a slave's price.

OMAR: For sneaking around?

NISRIN: For eavesdropping, Prince Omar.
OMAR: Is this true, Amy? Did you hear everything we said?
AMY: I am confused. Also, please do not look at my eyelashes.
NISRIN: I'll show you confused.
AMY: I will be in trouble whatever I say.
OMAR: Then tell the truth.
AMY: Yes, Prince Omar. I have heard every word.
OMAR: A little spy, Amy. What a wondrous skill.
NISRIN: What?
OMAR: You hid yourself well, Amy.
AMY: Er, yes.
OMAR: Nisrin, if you had not chastised Amy in such haste and with such venom, I would not have seen her at all.
NISRIN: Thank you, Prince Omar.
OMAR: Amy was witness to the entire... discussion, and I had no clue that she was there.
AMY: I am quiet, like a mouse. I've been told that.
NISRIN: Amy, shh!
AMY: Although sometimes I speak out of turn.
NISRIN: Slaves should be neither seen nor heard, Master. I know this. I shall ensure that Amy knows it too.
OMAR: Amy, I have a new task for you.
AMY: I like being told what to do. It makes life so much easier...
NISRIN: Speak, Master, and we shall do it.
OMAR: Nisrin, this job requires stealth and great danger.
NISRIN: Then I am yours to command.
OMAR: It requires Amy's special talents. I want her to follow my father. Find out where he and his men take the gold.
NISRIN: As my Prince wishes.
OMAR: Do not be discovered, and report to me.
AMY: I will do it, Prince Omar. But is this not disloyal to our master?
OMAR: Not to the master that is to come. It is loyal to me.
AMY: I... see.
OMAR: Nisrin, you have taught Amy well.
NISRIN: Thank you, Master.
OMAR: Nisrin, in a new palace order, there'll be need of new officials, new officers, and a new lady of the harem.
NISRIN: I understand, Master.
OMAR: Do my bidding on this occasion and your daughters shall be wives to kings.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I too found no sign of the fifth segment anywhere in Time, so I settled on Earth in the 9th Century of the Christian era as the most likely location. But not through the Black Guardian's despicably random chaotic measures.
DOCTOR: You came here by applying the rule of law?
WHITE GUARDIAN: I followed you, you imbecile.
DOCTOR: Ah.
WHITE GUARDIAN: I thought, I know, I'll think outside the box. I'll find the Doctor's Tardis.
DOCTOR: You found my Tardis?
WHITE GUARDIAN: Its signal, yes. I thought you'd taken it here, but no, it drifted in space for aeons and ended up somewhere near here by accident.
DOCTOR: Well, I didn't ask you to follow me.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Too late. Too late! I inserted myself into the local time-stream, I crammed myself into a paltry handful of dimensions, enough to count on one hand. A human hand.
DOCTOR: You went looking for the centre of law, for the ultimate law on this world, and you found...
WHITE GUARDIAN: The Caliphate. And so here I am. A hatchet-man for a weedy despot, sent to slap the fingers of a money-grabbing upstart.
DOCTOR: And you are the Legate, sent to punish Lord Cassim?
WHITE GUARDIAN: Is that a fitting task for a Master of Reality? I don't think so. And this is all your fault.
GUARD 1: Your Excellency, the storm has lifted.
WHITE GUARDIAN: What? Oh, good, good. Give the order to move out.
GUARD 1: By your command. [OC] Right, camp. Prepare to march onward.
DOCTOR: Is there any need for this?
WHITE GUARDIAN: I don't know, Doctor. You tell me.
DOCTOR: You have inserted yourself into the time stream, lived a life as an agent of the Caliphate of Baghdad.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Indeed I have, all the while in the vain hope that the man from Gallifrey would be getting on with his job.

DOCTOR: Steady on, I've only just arrived.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Courtesy of the Black Guardian's travel plan. He's laughing at us all, I'm sure.

DOCTOR: No, no, he's as in the dark as we are. If he'd found the next piece of the Key to Time we'd know it.

WHITE GUARDIAN: That's very nice, Doctor. You let me know when you get your life in order. In the meantime I suppose I'll be wiping out the ruling family of Dunqulah.

DOCTOR: You'll be doing what?

WHITE GUARDIAN: Until such a time as you achieve your mission, I shall be just getting along with mine.

DOCTOR: I heard about that. You're hunting down a tax evader or something.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I collect taxes for the whole region, Doctor, and Cassim Ali Baba has paid no gold for two entire years.

DOCTOR: There's something going on.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I sincerely hope so, Doctor. I'm getting tired of cramming myself into such a pitiful selection of dimensions.

DOCTOR: Shh, let me think. The forces of Time are converging at this point in history, we have all - all of us - been drawn here. I've lost Amy, I've lost my Tardis, but I bet they're close at hand.

WHITE GUARDIAN: The only thing close at hand is open war.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, and I bet that's something to do with it too. I saw this time before, this place.

WHITE GUARDIAN: You did?

DOCTOR: Yes, the Black Guardian discounted it as the location for the segment of the Key, but I think he missed something.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Well, there's a surprise.

DOCTOR: How far is it to Dunqulah?

WHITE GUARDIAN: Our wagon train has gold from other cities, and the catapults are slow-moving even when there is a road. It'll take us another day to reach Cassim's domain.

DOCTOR: Give me a camel.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Do I look like a camel trader?

DOCTOR: A camel, a horse, something fast. I can be in Dunqulah ahead of you.

WHITE GUARDIAN: And what purpose will that serve?

DOCTOR: I can talk to this Cassim Ali Baba, bring him round to your way of thinking.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I do believe you enjoy such diplomatic brinkmanship, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I enjoy averting bloodshed, as should you.

WHITE GUARDIAN: By all means, Doctor. Run ahead and talk to Cassim. If you succeed where uncountable messengers have failed, then you shall save many lives.

DOCTOR: Good.

WHITE GUARDIAN: And if not, I shall be right behind you, ready to unleash the Destroyer of Delights.

AMY: These black robes. They will make me very difficult to see in the desert night.

NISRIN: Yes Amy, that is the idea. Keep yourself covered.

AMY: I think Prince Omar meant me to do this alone.

NISRIN: You cannot even sweep a floor alone. No, I shall come with you and share in your misfortune.

AMY: And in the glory should I succeed. You fear that Prince Omar favours *me*.

NISRIN: Don't answer back. Cover your face, like this.

AMY: I'm fine, really. The wind is dying down.

NISRIN: No, Amy, you are not fine. Can you not see what the action of sand and wind does to rocks? What do you think it does to human skin?

AMY: Oh. Right.

NISRIN: Sand is the henchman of Time. It wears at us all. The desert ages us before our destiny. It brings us too soon before the Ravisher of Beauty, whose name cannot be spoken.

AMY: What is the Ravisher of Beauty?

NISRIN: Really, Amy, do not fool with me. Wrap yourself against the desert, and hide your face. We are spying on Lord Cassim. We are supposed to be hidden, lest he catch us and throw us to the Destroyer of Delights.

AMY: Whose name cannot be spoken.

NISRIN: You're catching on. The guards are here.

AMY: What are they carrying?

NISRIN: Gold, Amy, gold. Now, remember to stay...

AMY: Quiet. Yes, I know.

VIZIER: All present, Lord Cassim.

CASSIM: It's time to take today's gold into the desert.

VIZIER: Ahem.

CASSIM: What is it, Vizier?

VIZIER: There are questions, Lord Cassim. We've... we've heard that there is an army approaching of the Caliphate. Should we not save this gold for them?

CASSIM: Who is your Lord?

VIZIER: You are, Lord Cassim.

CASSIM: Are you loyal to me? Well? Who is your master? All of you.

GUARDS: Lord Cassim.

CASSIM: This gold has a higher purpose. Do not question me.

VIZIER: No, my Lord.

CASSIM: So, to the desert.

NISRIN: Keep your head down. Do you want them to see you?

AMY: No. No. Sorry. But I can't see *them*.

CASSIM: Is that all?

VIZIER: Yes, Lord Cassim.

CASSIM: Then you may all return to the palace.

VIZIER: Will you be safe here in the desert all alone, Lord Cassim?

CASSIM: The sorceries in play here could harm any man without the protection of the Almighty. You must leave this place and not look back. Such is my command.

VIZIER: But perhaps just a couple of us might stand guard?

CASSIM: The energies I face are enough to overcome forty guardsmen. The sight's enough to drive men mad.

VIZIER: Ah. Well, if you insist.

CASSIM: I do. Be gone.

AMY: They can't just leave all that gold there. Er, Nisrin?

NISRIN: What?

AMY: Have you noticed this sand dune we're on?

NISRIN: What of it?

AMY: It seems regular and curved, and... (tapping) just beneath the sand there is metal.

NISRIN: So? Metal comes from the ground, does it not?

AMY: I suppose so, but...

NISRIN: They have gone. Only Lord Cassim is left, waiting by the piles of gold.

AMY: Let me see.

NISRIN: All right, but keep quiet.

AMY: It's him!

NISRIN: Shh! Amy! What part of sneaking up did you not understand?

AMY: It is him. The Black Guardian.

NISRIN: That is Lord Cassim.

AMY: He is the one who sent me here, who separated me from the Doctor.

NISRIN: Well ultimately, he is your master.

AMY: He is not my master. He is the enemy of all that is good.

NISRIN: Control yourself. Lord Cassim may be confused, he may be misguided, but it would be forbidden for any slave to utter such a thing.

AMY: Sorry.

NISRIN: Be thankful that you have the counsel, and the appreciative gaze of Prince Omar, for he will be your master soon enough.

AMY: But...

NISRIN: You are not here to comment on the nature of his aspirations, merely to observe.

AMY: Nisrin?

NISRIN: What?

AMY: At the base of this dune that is made of metal, there is what appears to be an airlock.

NISRIN: A what?

AMY: A lock of air? Like a door.

NISRIN: Now is not the time to test your vocabulary.

AMY: I think Lord Cassim is waiting for it to open.

NISRIN: Oh, don't be silly. Whoever heard of a door in a dune?

COMPUTER: (unintelligible)

NISRIN: It speaks to him. How wondrous.

CASSIM: Cassim Ali Baba. Open.

NISRIN: He speaks to it. Unsettling.

COMPUTER: (unintelligible, includes password)

CASSIM: Open. Sim-sim.
COMPUTER: (forbast?)
(Door opens.)
AMY: Now do you believe me?
NISRIN: A cave. A magical cave in the desert. Well, at least we know where the gold is.
AMY: In that ship.
NISRIN: Ship? Amy, your command of language is... endearing.
CASSIM [OC]: Are you there? Are you there?
AMY: It's a ship.
NISRIN: No, Amy. That is not a ship. It is a... a cave of some description.
AMY: It is a ship, a ship from the sky, all but buried in the dunes.
NISRIN: Next week, Amy, we are going to teach you how to speak proper Arabic. Your nouns are all over the place. Ah!
AMY: What is it, Nisrin?
NISRIN: Those, those things. I... I have never seen such contrivances.
AMY: They are robots, to carry the gold inside.
NISRIN: Al-Robot?
AMY: Servants. Servants of the cave.
NISRIN: You have seen them before?
AMY: Not these, but I know what they are.
NISRIN: These, these servants that are al-Robot. They are made of metal?
AMY: Yes. They are like metal slaves.
NISRIN: Made by the Franks?
AMY: I don't know who made them.
NISRIN: Truly, there are so many wonders in the world. Forty lifetimes are not enough to know them all.
AMY: We should follow Lord Cassim inside.
NISRIN: The al-Robot will see us.
AMY: No they will not.
NISRIN: How do you know?
AMY: They are simple devices, designed only for carrying and fetching. They are not set with alarms.
NISRIN: Alarums? A slave is expected to give the alarum, even an al-Robot, surely? No, Amy. Come back.
AMY: See, Nisrin? I can stand among them. They only pay heed to their gold.
NISRIN: (distant) You are foolhardy, Amy.
AMY: And yet I am still here. Come on. You want to see inside the cave, don't you?
NISRIN: Well, I suppose it can't hurt to just take a little peek.

CASSIM: Your robot servants have the gold. Well?
DJINNI: They are placing it with the rest. I am checking the weight now.
CASSIM: Is it enough? Do we have the mass?
COMPUTER: (unintelligible)
DJINNI: No.
CASSIM: You cannot be serious!
DJINNI: Have you ever known me to joke? It is still not enough. I need perhaps the weight of another human in gold.
CASSIM: Time is running out. We must move fast.
DJINNI: You are not the only one who wishes to leave, Cassim. I have waited as long as you...
CASSIM: Yes, yes, of course, but the Legate of the Caliph approaches. We may have but a day.
DJINNI: That is your problem, Cassim Ali Baba.
CASSIM: It will be yours unless you help me.
DJINNI: Help yourself. We still lack gold.
CASSIM: You have all the gold in the kingdom. Two years of mining. Two years of taxing.
DJINNI: And yet it is not enough. I need more gold.
CASSIM: There is no more gold in the kingdom.
DJINNI: Then bring me some from outside.
CASSIM: How? How can...? Wait. Yes, there is more. A little more, and it is coming this way.
DJINNI: When?
CASSIM: Soon. But you must help me stop the Legate of the Caliph.
DJINNI: Very well. Take this.
CASSIM: What is it?
DJINNI: Send someone to the Legate with this.
CASSIM: Yes, but what is it?
DJINNI: It is a Jawahir that calls out to the Tofang.
CASSIM: Right, and er - what precisely would that mean?

NISRIN: That voice. It is terrifying. What is it?
AMY: It is as if our master has a master of his own.
NISRIN: We must report to Prince Omar.
AMY: No, Nisrin, not yet. I have seen it.
NISRIN: Seen what?

DJINNI: This is a gift that carries a curse. Place this in the hands of the Legate of the Caliph, and I will visit upon him the Destroyer of Delights.
CASSIM: That's a bit drastic.
DJINNI: Do you want to be rid of him or not?
CASSIM: I suppose I have no choice.
DJINNI: Now, go swiftly, and bring me the gold.

NISRIN: We must leave before the cave door closes behind him.
AMY: No. This chamber is full of treasures, including one that is dear to me.
NISRIN: What?
AMY: I can see it, Nisrin. It is here.
NISRIN: Are you insane?
AMY: My satchel is here. I see it on that pile.
NISRIN: You just want to steal trinkets.
AMY: That bag belongs to me. It has value beyond measure. I must have it.
NISRIN: (receding) No. Come Amy, we must go, we must go and report to Prince Omar.
AMY: No Nisrin. You do not understand. This place you insist is a cave is nothing of the sort. It is not of your world. It is not of this Earth.
NISRIN: Quickly, before the cave door closes. Amy.
AMY: I have it! Nisrin, I have it! I have regained what was mine. I have the satchel. I feel... I feel... is this happy? Er, Nisrin?
DJINNI: A thief! A thief in the cargo hold.
AMY: Uh-oh.
DJINNI: Intruders shall be destroyed.
AMY: No. Wait.
(Blaster fire.)

[Part Three]

NISRIN: Quickly, before the cave door closes. Amy. Amy. (door closes) Amy, I can not hold this door. Amy. Amy. Amy, get out of there. Amy, I said you were foolhardy. Now you face the Destroyer of Delights. Open this door.
COMPUTER: (unintelligible)
NISRIN: Oh, er, peace be upon you.
COMPUTER: (asks for password)
NISRIN: A talking door? How... unsettling. Please do not hurt me.
COMPUTER: (asks for password)
NISRIN: Would you open for me, door? Would you?
COMPUTER: (asks for password)
NISRIN: Or is there a magic word? Oh wait. Oh yes. Er, open. Sim-sim.
COMPUTER: (forbast?)
(Door opens.)
AMY: No, wait!
NISRIN: Amy, this way, quickly.
AMY: Nisrin.
NISRIN: Amy, run. Run towards the light.
AMY: It's shooting at me.
NISRIN: Run, Amy. Lightning? It throws lightning?
DJINNI: Stop, intruder!
AMY: Get out of the way, Nisrin. Save yourself.
NISRIN: I shall save us both or none at all.
AMY: Then run. Run for cover.
NISRIN: What is it?
AMY: What you call lightnings are enough to kill you, Nisrin. Down here. Quick, behind these rocks.
NISRIN: It will chase us.
AMY: It cannot. It is not wearing its environment suit.

NISRIN: Its what?

AMY: Nisrin, as we are clothed against the desert, that alien must be closed against the sky.

NISRIN: What is this al-ien? You invent so many new words. It is dark and I could not see him.

AMY: He dwells within the cave. But he cannot pursue us outside without, well, without cloaks and masks and other accoutrements.

NISRIN: We are safe?

AMY: You saved me, Nisrin. You saved my life. And I have my satchel. What is so funny?

NISRIN: When life was so dull at the palace, sometimes I would pray for a life of adventure.

AMY: And?

NISRIN: Since you came to me Amy, that is exactly what I've got.

AMY: The gold is all there. There is a massive pile of gold in the central hold, but it is guarded by the alien.

NISRIN: But what is this al-ien?

AMY: A blue man, Nisrin.

NISRIN: A blue man? I thought it was something terrifying.

AMY: It was terrifying enough for me, Nisrin.

NISRIN: Are you sure it was only a blue man?

AMY: Only? It shot at me. It tried to kill me.

NISRIN: Blue men are no trouble. Amy, no more than white men.

AMY: Really?

NISRIN: Africa is full of them. We will be fine. Prince Omar will be pleased.

AMY: If you say so.

NISRIN: You seem doubtful.

AMY: Well, yes.

NISRIN: But we have found his gold.

AMY: In a long-range trading orbiter.

NISRIN: The words you use are beyond me.

AMY: I realise that, Nisrin. That vessel - and it is a vessel, I use the correct words - it is beyond the understanding of any from this time. There is more danger to Prince Omar than he knows.

HASAN: Doctor, you survived. And found a camel.

DOCTOR: I did, Hasan, as did you. Can you help me down, please?

HASAN: We ran ahead of the wind, faster than diving hawks. And you?

DOCTOR: I did as I said, I sought refuge.

HASAN: With the agents of the Caliph?

DOCTOR: Well, yes.

HASAN: And yet you are still alive. Why were you not thrown to the Desolator of Dwellings whose name cannot be spoken?

DOCTOR: Well actually, the Legate and I had a bit of a chat.

HASAN: You work for the Legate now?

DOCTOR: Well, no. Er, well, yes, I suppose I do. I said I would do what I could to stop everyone from killing each other.

HASAN: You work for the enemies of Cassim.

DOCTOR: No, really. No, Hasan, please don't use that tone of voice.

HASAN: Which makes you my brother, for I too am now an enemy of Cassim, out of friendship.

DOCTOR: Hasan, how many times can one man change sides?

HASAN: I am the same man. It is the world around me that shifts like sand.

DOCTOR: Well, you could put it like that.

HASAN: Come. I will take you to Prince Omar.

DOCTOR: Actually, I'm here to see Lord Cassim.

HASAN: Prince Omar first. He is my brother.

DOCTOR: Oh. Well, if it's family...

HASAN: Not that sort of brother.

GUARD: Who goes there? I said, who goes there?

DJINNI: I have come to see Lord Cassim. It is important.

GUARD: Be gone. I do not believe in you. Faith is the medicine of every grief. Doubt only raises up a host of cares. Faith is the medicine...

DJINNI: I am real. I am a servant of Lord Cassim like you. Tell him. I have come on a matter of some urgency.

GUARD: I cannot see you. You do not exist. Faith is the medicine of every grief...

DJINNI: Permit me to enter, or I shall send you to the Destroyer of Delights.

GUARD: Doubt only raises up a host of cares. Faith is the medicine of every grief...

OMAR: You are the Legate of the Caliph?
DOCTOR: Well, I suppose I am his messenger. Are you Lord Cassim?
OMAR: No. I suppose I am his son.
DOCTOR: You suppose?
OMAR: Not for long. I must divorce him, of course.
DOCTOR: Can you do that?
OMAR: Know this. The people of Dunqulah are torn in their allegiance. They obey the Caliph's appointee in Cassim, but they know that Cassim defies the man who appointed him.
DOCTOR: Why is your father hoarding the gold?
OMAR: Because he is mad.
DOCTOR: That's your explanation?
OMAR: Do you need another?
DOCTOR: Where is the gold?
OMAR: In a cave in the desert, guarded by a fierce creature.
DOCTOR: Really.
OMAR: I sense your disbelief. Meet my father. See for yourself. Then I shall order my slaves to report what they saw.

HASAN: Is someone there?
AMY: It is only I, Master, a slave.
HASAN: Why are you hiding?
AMY: I am not hiding. I'm going about my business in a completely unobtrusive manner.
HASAN: You are?
AMY: It is what the Doctor would do.
HASAN: You know the Doctor?
AMY: *You* know the Doctor?
HASAN: He is my brother. We met on the sands.
AMY: The Doctor is alive?
HASAN: He was looking for a woman. Was that you?
AMY: He did *not* abandon me.

VIZIER: Someone to see you, Lord Cassim.
CASSIM: Oh yes?
VIZIER: A bizarre man. He claims to be the Legate of the Legate.
CASSIM: A messenger of a messenger? Must I contend with shadows?
VIZIER: I can send him away.
DOCTOR: Let me through, this is a matter of life and death.
VIZIER: Seize him.
CASSIM: No Vizier, let him through. I like a man who is not afraid to throw around the D word.
VIZIER: But Lord Cassim...
CASSIM: What's the worst that could happen?
DOCTOR: The worst that could happen is that in a day's time your palace will be... Wait a minute. I know who you are.
VIZIER: You are addressing Lord Cassim Ali Baba, ruler of Dunqulah, and I would thank you to show some respect.
DOCTOR: The Black Guardian. You are this Lord Cassim.
CASSIM: Doctor. That explains it.
DOCTOR: Explains what?
BLACK GUARDIAN: The last time I saw you, it was through the dimensional portal, fleeing from a warrior on a camel. There was a caravan of traders in the distance.
DOCTOR: You saw that? Oh, thanks for helping.
BLACK GUARDIAN: You were beyond my reach, and it was decades ago, decades.
DOCTOR: It was yesterday afternoon, actually. I still have the bruises.
BLACK GUARDIAN: I see that now. I realised that I remembered it so clearly because Time caught up. Because the first Time, I was seeing the future. It was quite a stirring image, I can tell you.
DOCTOR: You weren't staring down the business end of a lance.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Vizier, you may leave us.
DOCTOR: You Guardians love sending minions away, don't you?
BLACK GUARDIAN: I've been waiting for you.
DOCTOR: But you sent me here.
BLACK GUARDIAN: As Time recedes, so does my mastery of it. I've no desire to stay on this world. I came here by ship.
DOCTOR: Why? You could just snap your fingers.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Once, maybe, aeons ago. But now I am stuck within the confines of these dimensions. I must journey as men, on a donkey, by horse, on the ship in the desert...

DOCTOR: Ah, you mean a camel.

BLACK GUARDIAN: No, I mean my ship in the desert, the vessel that brought me to Earth.

DOCTOR: Why didn't you leave again?

BLACK GUARDIAN: Huh. You make it sound so simple. Have you ever tried finding spare parts in a medieval society? I cannot just go to the bazaar and haggle for a warp manifold.

DOCTOR: Ah, your ship needs a repair.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Indeed it does, Doctor, and after many years all I need is a warp manifold. After that, I can leave this world behind.

DOCTOR: Is that why you're hoarding the gold?

BLACK GUARDIAN: Platinum would be quicker, plutonium quicker still. But gold alone was available in sufficient quantities.

DOCTOR: And now you have enough?

BLACK GUARDIAN: Nearly, Doctor, nearly.

DOCTOR: Do you remember your old adversary?

BLACK GUARDIAN: Er... er, little guy, white beard, wicker chair?

DOCTOR: The White Guardian.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Right, yes. How's he doing?

DOCTOR: Immensely better than you. He is the Legate of the Caliph. He has been tasked with bringing you to heel.

BLACK GUARDIAN: I knew this day would come. He shall have to fight for it.

DOCTOR: That's what I'm afraid of. Lord Cassim, you must remember, you are each worth half of all reality.

BLACK GUARDIAN: That's very kind of you.

DOCTOR: All eternity now turns upon these events. You and your adversary are not fighting over tax in a desert kingdom.

BLACK GUARDIAN: I'm pretty sure we are.

DOCTOR: There is more. The victor here will rule all Time.

BLACK GUARDIAN: That sounds great.

DOCTOR: No, it is not. You or he - it doesn't really matter - one of you will perish, and the other one will be the undisputed Master of Reality.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Fantastic!

DOCTOR: Except reality will be winding down, flickering like a candle, fluttering like embers. He will be the master of nothing but ruins and fog.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Have you met my son Omar? You talk a lot like him.

VIZIER [OC]: Lord Cassim?

BLACK GUARDIAN: I thought I told you to leave us alone?

VIZIER [OC]: It is a matter of some urgency.

BLACK GUARDIAN: This had better be good.

VIZIER [OC]: A blue man has come out of the desert.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Ah, right.

VIZIER: I dare not send him away.

BLACK GUARDIAN: No, absolutely not. Right, yes. So, better deal with this. Er, Doctor, you'll have to amuse yourself. Back in a jiffy.

DOCTOR: But...

DOCTOR: Let me help you with that. You shouldn't be carrying a huge stone jar like that all by yourself.

NISRIN: No, Master, you shouldn't, really.

DOCTOR: Please. Don't call me that.

NISRIN: What, Master?

DOCTOR: Yes, it's, er... unsettling. Call me Doctor.

NISRIN: You are the Doctor?

DOCTOR: And let me help you, er...?

NISRIN: I am Nisrin. You mustn't, Doctor, it... it would be wrong.

DOCTOR: To help you?

NISRIN: To come to the aid of a slave.

DOCTOR: Don't be silly.

NISRIN: I have my orders.

DOCTOR: What if I order you to let me help you?

NISRIN: It is forbidden.

DOCTOR: What's there to forbid? You plainly can't lift that on your own. What are you so afraid of?

NISRIN: I... I cannot. Er...

DOCTOR: What if I ordered you to tell me? If I order you to tell the truth?

NISRIN: Master...

DOCTOR: Doctor.

NISRIN: Doctor. You show me a kindness. That must be the way of things in your land of...

DOCTOR: Gallifrey.

NISRIN: Al-Gallifrey. But it is not so here.

DOCTOR: Come now, Nisrin. These people are not barbarians. They are the most hospitable people on Earth.

NISRIN: To their guests, Doctor. Not to their chattels. Have you ever seen an old slave? Have you ever seen a weak one, a blind one, ill? If I fail in my duties, there is no recourse. I become worthless, broken.

CASSIM: Hide in the desert for forty years and then walk up to the gates. Everyone has seen you.

DJINNI: It does not matter now.

CASSIM: Yes it blooming does.

DJINNI: We are discovered.

CASSIM: By whom?

DJINNI: A slave from your palace followed you aboard. I could not pursue. She saw the treasures within my ship. She stole one of my personal treasures.

CASSIM: What did she steal?

DJINNI: On the outside it seemed to be a... handbag.

CASSIM: (as Dame Edith Evans) A handbag?

DJINNI: Its interior was unique. Enclosed supra-dimensional space.

CASSIM: I care nothing for your obsession with trinkets. It is no reason to dance around my palace scaring the guards.

DJINNI: Lord Cassim, we must leave this world tonight, or we shall never leave this world at all.

DOCTOR: There is no dishonour in seeking help.

NISRIN: I must do as I am told. I must obey Lord Cassim as your slave obeyed you.

DOCTOR: My... what slave?

NISRIN: Amy. You are the Doctor of whom she speaks, aren't you?

DOCTOR: Amy is here? Is she all right? I am so glad it... Wait, she's not my slave.

NISRIN: She does as you bid her. She dotes on your every word.

DOCTOR: Well, I suppose a bit.

NISRIN: And when you are not around, she seeks a new master. She is one of us. She does not wish to think for herself. She moulds herself to your will.

DOCTOR: She doesn't. That's an awful thing to say. Amy is her own person. She does what she wants.

NISRIN: As you wish, Doctor. But she is a slave to something, even if it is not to you.

DOCTOR: That's... that's preposterous.

NISRIN: I have offended you, Master. I... I am sorry.

DOCTOR: Don't worry, Nisrin.

NISRIN: You look like a man of the Franks. Are you here to replace the slaves?

DOCTOR: Replace them? With what?

NISRIN: I have seen the devices of the Franks. The metal servants that are al-robot. They can carry much more than a human.

DOCTOR: Metal servants? Where have you seen such a thing?

NISRIN: Er, sorry. I, I, I meant, I have heard of them. Er, perhaps they are just rumours. I have not seen any.

AMY: Doctor. I knew you would come.

DOCTOR: Amy. I'm sorry it's taken so long. Are you all right?

AMY: Yes. I am all right. Everything is right with me. Nisrin has been showing me how to behave.

DOCTOR: Oh, good.

AMY: Look. I found my satchel. The segments are still safe. And Nisrin saved me from the servant of the Black Guardian. He tried to kill me.

NISRIN: It is true. A blue man that threw lightning.

DOCTOR: Ah. Amy, your words are a little mixed up.

NISRIN: I keep telling her that, Doctor.

AMY: But...

DOCTOR: Nisrin is only using the words she's learned to deal with the world around her.

AMY: She is?

DOCTOR: Yes. You see, Nisrin has an Arabic name, but she is plainly not of Arabic stock.

NISRIN: I am of the al-Majus, of the north lands.

DOCTOR: Well, there you are. She's from Scandinavia. When she says blue, she means black.

AMY: She does?

NISRIN: I do?

DOCTOR: Yes. Amy, you see, in the old Norse languages blue and black are the same word. King Harold

Bluetooth, for example. He... he doesn't have a blue tooth, that would be silly.

AMY: Oh, right.

DOCTOR: Instead he, he had a black tooth, but you - you can see how the confusion would arise.

AMY: Yes, but I saw the man and he was...

DOCTOR: There are all kind of references to, to blue men in Viking sagas but in fact the sagas were only referring to Africa, where the local population...

DJINNI: That is the slave who stole from me.

DOCTOR: Crikey.

VIZIER: 'Tis only on the culprit sin recoils. The ignorant fool against himself is armed. Humanity is sunk in wickedness. The best is he that leaveth us unharmed.

HASAN: Vizier, is it time for your prayers already? You should be out of the midday sun.

VIZIER: It is the End of Days.

HASAN: No it isn't. It's just past noon.

VIZIER: The creatures of subtle fire have come. There is a Djinni in the palace.

HASAN: Really?

VIZIER: I have heard it from the guards. Pray. Pray for absolution.

HASAN: So many unlikely stories.

VIZIER: The Destroyer of Delights, it has come for us!

AMY: I tried to tell you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: That man is blue.

AMY: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: He really is blue. He's not a man at all. He's one of the Djinn.

AMY: The what?

DOCTOR: A race of alien collectors. They'll buy anything, sell anything, drift from world to world in search of ultimate profit, but...

AMY: What is it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: The Djinn have no interest in gold. Why would they want...?

DJINNI: That is the slave. She stole from me. She must die.

DOCTOR: No! I won't allow it.

DJINNI: Stand aside or you shall die too.

DOCTOR: She is just an innocent girl.

DJINNI: She stole from me.

AMY: This is *my* satchel. Mine.

CASSIM: Djinni! Put away your weapon. If the bag is the girl's let her keep it. We have far bigger problems today.

DJINNI: As you wish.

AMY: Doctor, you protected me.

CASSIM: You, slave girl, come here.

AMY: What is it, Lord Cassim?

CASSIM: Take this jewelled necklace.

AMY: Oh my. It's lovely.

CASSIM: It's not for you, child. It is for the Legate of the Caliph. Ride with my son Omar. Ride out to the approaching soldiers, and present them with this token of my friendship.

DOCTOR: That's more like it. I knew you would see sense.

DJINNI: It shall end this conflict forever.

CASSIM: We shall offer them the hospitality of the city. There need be no strife. We need not play host to the Destroyer of Delights.

AMY: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Do as he says, Amy.

AMY: I shall ride at once. Prince Omar? We must ride for the desert road.

CASSIM: Come, Djinni. We must prepare a welcome.

DJINNI: As you wish.

CASSIM: My followers, we shall have guests. Alert the entertainers, fire up the kitchen, ready the dancers. Er, probably not the darats, though. Where is my Vizier?

DOCTOR: Right then. Good. I'll just wait here then, shall I?

CASSIM [OC]: Make yourself useful, Doctor. Find the Vizier.

DOCTOR: (sighs) What did your last slave die of?

VIZIER + HASAN: 'Tis only on the culprit sin recoils. The ignorant fool against himself is armed. Humanity is sunk in wickedness. The best is he that leaveth us unharmed.

DOCTOR: Hasan. Vizier. What are you doing out here?

HASAN: Praying, Doctor. Join us.
VIZIER: It is our only hope.
DOCTOR: For what?
VIZIER: To save us from the creature.
DOCTOR: Oh, you mean the Djinni.
HASAN: You have seen him too?
DOCTOR: Don't worry about him. Everything will be well.
VIZIER: How can you say such a thing?
DOCTOR: See those clouds of receding dust?
HASAN: Horses' hooves?
DOCTOR: Yes. Amy and Prince Omar riding out to greet the Legate of the Caliph.
HASAN: Really? Then Omar need not defy his father.
DOCTOR: That's right. We're all friends. So there will be no war, and the Legate shall come here in peace.
VIZIER: I would say that if one knew my Lord's predilection for gold, one would not offer such temptation.
DOCTOR: What do you mean?
VIZIER: Well, the Legate of the Caliph...
DOCTOR: Yes, he'll be here soon enough.
VIZIER: But he's been to other cities. He's left us till last.
DOCTOR: He's been collecting taxes elsewhere?
HASAN: For those that obey. We who have not obeyed shall be dealt with last of all.
DOCTOR: The Legate's baggage train is full of other cities' taxes?
VIZIER: Yes.
DOCTOR: Gold.
HASAN: Well, yes, I suppose so.
DOCTOR: Of course!
HASAN: Doctor? Doctor, where are you going?

GUARD: Your Excellency.
WHITE GUARDIAN: What is it?
GUARD: The city of Dunqulah is in sight.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Oh, good. I expect a right royal welcome.

DOCTOR: You're not going to welcome the Legate. You're going to attack him.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Doctor, you really are very smart. Would you like a job as my Vizier? The one I have is very slow.
DOCTOR: The Djinn use aurium for their warp manifolds.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Yes, that's right.
DOCTOR: Heavy gold. You're going to make heavy gold by putting it in a mass compressor.
BLACK GUARDIAN: I leave the technical stuff up to him, but yes, I think that's more or less it.
DOCTOR: The Legate's army has the last of the gold you need. You're going to steal it from him.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Yes.
DOCTOR: At the point of a sword.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Well, something like that.
DOCTOR: It will start a war. It will plunge this entire region into chaos.
BLACK GUARDIAN: That's what I do, isn't it? It's not like I asked the Legate to come here. Law is making its own fate. The forces of Law are walking right into this one.
DOCTOR: I've seen the Legate's army. They are trained soldiers. They have siege weapons, catapults. If you attack them they will wipe this city out.
BLACK GUARDIAN: That would be true, Doctor, if the city only had *human* defenders.
DOCTOR: The Djinni. You're going to use the Djinni.
BLACK GUARDIAN: My pilot is just as keen as I to leave this awful place. He shall help me.
DOCTOR: What did you give to Amy? What did you give her?
BLACK GUARDIAN: A token of my esteem.
DOCTOR: Don't lie to me.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Don't forget who you are addressing.
DOCTOR: Oh, I know who you are all right. You've always been sneaky, but you've always been a bit...
BLACK GUARDIAN: Handsome?
DOCTOR: Dull.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh.
DOCTOR: You've always been waiting for someone else to do things for you, even your thinking.
BLACK GUARDIAN: What's your point, Doctor? I've forty things to do today.
DOCTOR: I thought to myself, the Black Guardian, he can't use his own powers, what's the betting he can't use his own tricks? What if he has to steal someone else's ideas?

BLACK GUARDIAN: Like what exactly?

DOCTOR: Do you think I don't remember the red crystal in Tegan's tiara? Placed there by Captain Wrack as a tracking device?

BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, you remember that, do you?

DOCTOR: That necklace, that jewel on that necklace.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Very shiny. Bit gaudy for my taste, but the slave seemed to like it.

DOCTOR: That wasn't a jewel at all. That was a targeting device.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, is that what that was? The Djinni called it a Jawahir.

DOCTOR: If the Djinni has artillery on his ship, he'll be able to use the lure to aim his guns.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, marvellous. That ought to do the trick, don't you think? Pinpoint accuracy.

DOCTOR: With Amy as the target.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, she'll save my whole domain.

DOCTOR: And your son, Prince Omar? He'll die with her.

BLACK GUARDIAN: He'll be a hero too. And the bonus is, I won't have to have him killed for plotting against me.

DOCTOR: I will stop you.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, I don't think so. Guards!

(Door slams.)

DOCTOR: There's no need to be so... What? I don't get my own cell? Be reasonable! Oh.

PRISONER: What are you in for?

DOCTOR: For telling the truth.

PRISONER: Ah. One of those. Are you a storyteller?

DOCTOR: No.

PRISONER: Pity. I could do with a laugh.

VIZIER: Hasan, do you think it is true?

HASAN: The Doctor is a teller of unreliable tales.

VIZIER: But has Cassim sent Prince Omar to his doom?

HASAN: I do not know.

VIZIER: It makes me wonder. Should I be loyal to the lord I have, or the lord I would have?

DOCTOR: At last, the jailer. Hello! Is there any chance of some water?

NISRIN: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Nisrin. Is that you?

NISRIN: Yes. Shh.

DOCTOR: How did you sneak in here?

NISRIN: Slaves come and go everywhere within the palace. We are invisible unless we make a mistake.

DOCTOR: How did you get in *here*?

NISRIN: It is assumed I am on official duties. No slave would dare disobey her lord, else she would meet the Destroyer of Delights.

DOCTOR: But here you are anyway.

(Unlocks door.)

NISRIN: Cassim is my lord no longer. I serve Prince Omar, the lord that is to come. And by saving you, I will save his life.

DOCTOR: Bless you, Nisrin.

(Door opens.)

NISRIN: What must we do?

DOCTOR: The Djinni has some kind of artillery piece on his ship.

NISRIN: What is ar-tilleree?

DOCTOR: A weapon that will take aim on the jewel Amy is carrying. I will try to turn her away from the Legate.

NISRIN: I will stop the ar-tilleree.

DOCTOR: Er - you cannot, Nisrin, it is too dangerous.

NISRIN: I - I have seen inside the Djinni's cave, Doctor. He was too slow to catch Amy. I can distract him from operating this ar-tilleree.

DOCTOR: Good, good. Go.

OMAR: You are uncharacteristically silent, Amy.

AMY: I am sorry, Prince Omar.

OMAR: What are you thinking?

AMY: You care for the thoughts of a slave?

OMAR: Of course. I am not a monster.

AMY: Then perhaps you should care for the thoughts of Nisrin.

OMAR: What do you mean?

AMY: She cares for you. You know she does. You know her love for you surpasses that of a slave for a master.

OMAR: What is that shimmering in the distance? Is it a mirage?

AMY: No. No, it is the forces of the Legate. We are nearly there.

OMAR: Don't drop that necklace now. It'll save us all.

BLACK GUARDIAN: We've given them enough time to reach the Legate. I think it's a good moment for you to set off your... thingy.

COMPUTER: (unintelligible)

DJINNI: Powering it up now. It is ready.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Any time now would be good.

DJINNI: Better to fire later when the Jawahir is in the Legate's hands, than sooner when it is not.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You are so right. Don't leave it too long, though.

DOCTOR: Come on. Why won't you go faster? I hate camels. Don't use that tone of voice with me. Come on, giddy up. Mush!

WHITE GUARDIAN: What brings you here?

OMAR: I am Prince Omar, heir to the throne of Dunqulah. Amy, present the Legate with the gift of my father Lord Cassim.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Oh, that's very nice. Thank you. Does this mean that we're all friends and there isn't going to be any trouble?

OMAR: Such is my father's tardy but welcome wish, your Excellency.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Oh, well. I'd brought catapults and soldiers and everything.

OMAR: They will not be needed, your Excellency.

DOCTOR [OC]: Amy? Amy, don't give him the necklace. Get out of there.

OMAR: Can you hear something?

AMY: Wait. It's the Doctor.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Come to claim the credit, no doubt. But fair play to him. If he has averted a war in the region, then he was true to his word.

BLACK GUARDIAN: The time has come. Open fire.

DJINNI: By your command. Target acquired. Achieving elevation. Target locked.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Fire!

[Part Four]

(Boom.)

OMAR: What was that?

WHITE GUARDIAN: The sound of thunder, here, in the desert?

(Whoosh, boom nearby.)

AMY: Someone is shooting at us.

OMAR: Did something just fall out of the sky?

DOCTOR [OC]: Amy. Amy, you are danger.

BLACK GUARDIAN: How are we doing? Did that do the trick?

DJINNI: My ship has spent decades stuck in these sands. Time has worn at the weapon's mountings. I think the sights are off.

BLACK GUARDIAN: I did not wait a lifetime to be defeated by grains of sand. Fire again.

COMPUTER: (unintelligible)

DJINNI: Firing.

OMAR: There goes the thunder again.

AMY: Doctor, what is going on?

WHITE GUARDIAN: I do believe that somebody is shooting at me...

DOCTOR: Everybody, get down, it's another attack!

(Whoosh, boom.)

AMY: Doctor, why is he doing this?

DOCTOR: Where's the necklace? Quickly, the necklace!

OMAR: We gave it to the Legate.

(Panic in the camp.)

WHITE GUARDIAN: This necklace. What has it got to go with anything? Hey. Hey, now, now, that was a gift.
DOCTOR: It was a curse. This is a targeting lure.
WHITE GUARDIAN + OMAR: What?
DOCTOR: It's a lure. A lure for the Destroyer of Delights.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Then we should get rid of it.
OMAR: Take it far from here.
AMY: But how? There is no means of doing so.
DOCTOR: The catapult. Pray one of the catapults is still working.
WHITE GUARDIAN: This way.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Surely that's done it?
DJINNI: Still off-target. I'll need to adjust a little.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Do hurry up.
NISRIN: No. Take as much time as you like. The longer the better.
BLACK GUARDIAN: What was that?
DJINNI: Another intruder.
BLACK GUARDIAN: How did you get on this ship?
NISRIN: Oh! Why can't you fools call this place a cave? Am I the only one here who speaks proper Arabic?
BLACK GUARDIAN: Nisrin, put that down. It's dangerous.
NISRIN: I'm counting on it.
DJINNI: Deal with her.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Nisrin, that is an energy weapon. It could kill you as easily as it could kill me.
NISRIN: Oh. As easily as you would kill Prince Omar, your own son.
BLACK GUARDIAN: A by-product of my imprisonment here. An accident of my exile. Be a good slave and...
NISRIN: I serve a new master, and you just tried to kill him.
DJINNI: Compensating. Taking aim.
NISRIN: You will not.
(Blaster fires, Djinni cries out.)

DOCTOR: Quickly. Quickly. Wind it back.
OMAR: Are you sure this will work?
DOCTOR: The Djinni's ship is far away. This lure is the only means he has of finding our location.
WHITE GUARDIAN: But he's killed all my men. This catapult will not hold him off.
DOCTOR: No. But it will fling the lure far from our position.
OMAR: That's as far back as the windlass will go.
DOCTOR: Good. Now Amy, put the necklace on the catapult.
AMY: Yes, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hurry up!
WHITE GUARDIAN: Stand back. Amy, back.
DOCTOR: Omar, how does this work?
OMAR: I pull this lever.
DOCTOR: Then do it.
(Whoosh.)
WHITE GUARDIAN: Whoa-ho! Look at it go!
OMAR: Far enough for you, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Let's hope so.

DJINNI: You are holding a deadly weapon in a room full of electrical cable.
NISRIN: I don't care. I shall destroy your delights.
CASSIM: You fool, you'll kill us all.
DJINNI: Look out, it is a live cable.
COMPUTER: (unintelligible)
NISRIN: What is that voice? Where is it coming from?
CASSIM: It's the fire alarm, stupid.
NISRIN: Alarm?
DJINNI: And this is what lightning feels like.
(Zap. Nisrin cries out. Thud.)
CASSIM: You killed her.
DJINNI: No. The shock was not big enough for that. I shall call a robot to dump her outside.
CASSIM: And shut off that alarm! Good, good. Now, can we please get on with this and kill everyone else.
DJINNI: I see now that my signal from the targeting lure was off by some eight hundred pazu.
Compensating.
COMPUTER: (unintelligible)

DJINNI: Firing!

OMAR: There goes the thunder.

WHITE GUARDIAN: This had better work.

DOCTOR: This is where we find out if I was right.

AMY: Doctor, is this fear?

DOCTOR: Take my hand, Amy. It'll be fine.

AMY: Last time you said that...

(Whoosh overhead, boom.)

DOCTOR: Ah ha! Missed.

COMPUTER: (unintelligible)

BLACK GUARDIAN: What does that mean?

DJINNI: There is no signal from the Jawahir.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You destroyed it?

DJINNI: And whoever held it.

BLACK GUARDIAN: At last. My guards can fall upon the caravan to pick up the gold.

DJINNI: The time is past for the use of human servants.

BLACK GUARDIAN: But we need that gold carried into the ship.

DJINNI: I shall send *my* servants.

AMY: Everybody is dead. The soldiers are all dead.

DOCTOR: We need to get out of here.

WHITE GUARDIAN: But the danger is past.

DOCTOR: Seriously? The artillery barrage stops, and you think that's you safe?

WHITE GUARDIAN: Ah, well, I see your point.

OMAR: Your Excellency, I assure you that this had nothing to do with me.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Clearly, else your father would have not sent you to your death.

OMAR: You're right. He was ready to let me die.

AMY: Doctor, what should we do?

DOCTOR: We should get out of the sun, get back to the city.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Doctor... Doctor? What are those?

AMY: Robots, from the ship.

OMAR: Nisrin spoke of them. They are al-Rabat, servants of the Djinni.

DOCTOR: They've come to take the gold.

AMY: We are safe, Doctor. They will not harm us.

OMAR: This one seems intent on harming me. Back, back!

AMY: Leave it be, Prince Omar. It is - oh - oh!

DOCTOR: They've been ordered to carry the survivors too.

WHITE GUARDIAN: No. Put me down. Put me down!

OMAR: Doctor, it won't let me go.

DOCTOR: I wouldn't worry about it.

AMY: Doctor, what do you mean?

DOCTOR: I would very much like to get inside the Djinni's vessel, and this motorised transport is much more agreeable than riding on another camel.

WHITE GUARDIAN: You mean we should just give in and let them carry us?

OMAR: The Doctor's right. It is much more comfortable than a camel.

HASAN: Vizier! Vizier!

VIZIER: What?

HASAN: The thunder has stopped.

VIZIER: Has the world ended?

HASAN: Er, no, I don't think it has.

VIZIER: Then our prayers were answered.

DOCTOR: As I thought. A long-range trading orbiter.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Are you the only survivors?

DOCTOR: Your gunnery made sure of that, Guardian.

BLACK GUARDIAN: We aim to please.

DOCTOR: You aimed to kill.

BLACK GUARDIAN: And yet you are still bafflingly alive.

AMY: You can let me go now I'm inside. You can let me go now.

WHITE GUARDIAN: So *you* are my adversary, my other half.

BLACK GUARDIAN: We're not married. Are we?

WHITE GUARDIAN: I don't think so.

DOCTOR: Where is Omar? What have you done with Omar?

BLACK GUARDIAN: I decided to dump him outside with all the other trash. The rest of you are coming with me to search for that elusive segment of the Key to Time.

DOCTOR: Where?

BLACK GUARDIAN: Once this ship is operational, the sky's the limit.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Well technically, the sky is merely a thin ribbon of atmosphere round the world so, you could say...

BLACK GUARDIAN: Are you always like this?

OMAR: Let me in. Am I not a noble enough prisoner for you? (bangs on metal)

NISRIN: Master.

OMAR: Nisrin.

NISRIN: Master?

OMAR: Why are you here lying in the sand?

NISRIN: I tried to save you.

OMAR: From what?

NISRIN: From the Tofang. The thing that sounded like thunder.

OMAR: That was you?

NISRIN: I delayed them, but they threw me from their cave.

OMAR: The cave is through that door?

NISRIN: Yes. It won't open.

NISRIN: Why would you go inside?

OMAR: I would have words with that Djinni, and my father.

NISRIN: I can open it for you.

OMAR: You can? Will the door obey you when it will not obey me?

NISRIN: I'm special. Open. Sim-sim.

COMPUTER: (forbast?)

(Door opens.)

OMAR: Nisrin, you have hidden talents.

NISRIN: I thought you would never notice, master.

OMAR: Time to restore order, whether my father likes it or not.

NISRIN: Knowing your father, it's the last thing he wants.

(Whirring machinery.)

DOCTOR: Well well, Lord Cassim. This place is a treasure trove.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You said it.

AMY: Not just gold, but jewels and treasures I cannot name.

DOCTOR: Oh, I can.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I'm sure you can, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It seems that this Djinn vessel was once very active in the surrounding star systems.

AMY: Look out, Doctor. More robots with gold.

WHITE GUARDIAN: That gold belongs to the Caliphate.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, go to sleep. (whirr, thud) I win. Master of Reality, me.

DJINNI: Still more. Still more.

BLACK GUARDIAN: There is only one more load.

COMPUTER: (forbast)

DJINNI: We have the correct mass.

BLACK GUARDIAN: We do? After all this time.

DJINNI: Shall I compress the gold?

BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh yes, do. Oh, thank the stars!

COMPUTER: (unintelligible)

DOCTOR: Look away, Amy.

AMY: What is it, Doctor?

DJINNI: Activating.

COMPUTER: (forbast)

DOCTOR: That's a mass converter. They're going to recombine the gold, fold it upon itself at the atomic level to make aurium.

AMY: Is that good?

DOCTOR: If you want a warp manifold, yes.

OMAR: Are you sure you know your way around this ship?

NISRIN: I'm doing my best, Mast... Ah ha!
OMAR: What?
NISRIN: Come up to this glass, Master. You will be pleased with what you see.
OMAR: What is it? Oh! The gold. All the gold in that huge chamber.
NISRIN: Why does it shine so?
OMAR: Nisrin, you have found the lost gold.
NISRIN: But it is as if the gold is on fire.
OMAR: Wait. Wait, what are they doing? It's shrinking.
NISRIN: Oh, look away, Master. It is as bright as the desert sun.
OMAR: What are they doing?!

AMY: Where did all the gold go?
DOCTOR: It's still there, Amy.
BLACK GUARDIAN: In a manner of speaking, yes, yes.
AMY: But it's all gone. It's been replaced with something else.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh Amy, you couldn't understand. This little shard of metal in my hand is not gold any more. This is aurium.
AMY: That's not what I meant. I meant...
BLACK GUARDIAN: This is the perfect catalyst for a spacecraft's warp manifold.
DJINNI: We must install it and leave this world.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, yes, yes, we must. Come my dear Djinni, quickly.
(Door opens and closes.)
AMY: Doctor...
DOCTOR: Forget it, Amy. It was only heavy gold.
AMY: No, Doctor. it was more than that, so much more.
DOCTOR: Well, yes. They've got their warp manifold and so at least we can get off Earth, but that's not going to help.
AMY: I'm tingling.
DOCTOR: Ah, try wriggling your fingers, that might...
AMY: I'm really tingling.
DOCTOR: What? You mean... the aurium? That piece of heavy gold...
AMY: Is the fifth segment of the Key to Time.
DOCTOR: They made it.
AMY: Is that possible? Surely the Black Guardian would have realised what he held?
DOCTOR: Not until you convert it, Amy. Now I see. The Black Guardian was right all along.
AMY: He was?
DOCTOR: He showed us those places where he thought he would find the segment but didn't. It's because the fifth segment was also beyond Time.
AMY: I'm not sure I understand, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Every place the Black Guardian showed us was a place where the creation of the segment was imminent. He was on the right track, but it never occurred to him that he had to be there to make it happen.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Such a tiny little thing.
DJINNI: It takes a lot of gold to make a shard of aurium.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Even so, I would have expected it to be too heavy to lift. There must be a change at the atomic level.
DJINNI: Of course there... What was that?
BLACK GUARDIAN: Omar. How did you get in here?
OMAR: Your magic cave obeys Nisrin.
NISRIN: It's true.
DJINNI: The door obeys any fool who knows the password.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Put the sword down, Omar, there's a good boy.
OMAR: Where is the gold you have stolen?
BLACK GUARDIAN: The gold? Why, it's right here in my hand, Omar. All squashed down to make this wonderful piece of magic metal.
OMAR: You destroyed my birthright. You have betrayed my people.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Your people?
OMAR: You shall pay for this.
NISRIN: Master, look out.
DJINNI: You shall die! (power runs out) What?
CASSIM: Don't tell me you need new batteries?
DJINNI: The power has gone.
OMAR: Not the power of my sword.

(Several thrusts, the Djinni powers off.)
NISRIN: I have seen such wonders this day.
OMAR: No wonders here.
NISRIN: I have seen a Djinni.
OMAR: And I have seen a Djinni die.

DOCTOR: Wake up.
AMY: Is the White Guardian dead, Doctor?
DOCTOR: No, just malingering. Wake up.
WHITE GUARDIAN: What did he do to me?
DOCTOR: Just a stun gun. Don't be such a baby.
AMY: Get to your feet, quickly.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Oh, sorry. I am not speedy enough for you young things.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You stupid boy! That Djinni was the pilot of this ship. How can I get off-world now?
NISRIN: Master, is it not bad luck to slay a Djinni?
OMAR: How do I know? There's no gold worth having in this metal cave. But perhaps the Djinni has silver, or something else. (door opens) Come, Nisrin.
AMY: Doctor, the Djinni is dead.
DOCTOR: Omar, what have you done?
WHITE GUARDIAN: Give me that device. I want to give you a taste of your own medicine.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Sorry, all the charges have gone.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Then I'll just have to give you a slap.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Come on, then.
DOCTOR: Stop it, you two. We have bigger problems.
OMAR: I'm not afraid of the Djinni.
DOCTOR: You should be. They are remarkably vengeful creatures.
OMAR: It cannot trouble me from beyond the grave.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't bet on that.
OMAR: Will the Caliphate believe me, that this lump of metal is two years of gold mining?
AMY: I believe it.
OMAR: Then here, Amy, take it. It's yours.
AMY: Thank you, Prince Omar.
NISRIN: Master, there is much treasure here that is not gold. Maybe we can use that to assuage the Caliph.
OMAR: My thoughts exactly, Nisrin. Come.
DOCTOR: Come back, you two. Don't go further in to the ship, it's dangerous.
NISRIN: For the last time, why do you keep calling this a ship?
COMPUTER: (unintelligible)
AMY: What's that noise?
WHITE GUARDIAN: That voice? What does it mean?
BLACK GUARDIAN: Does anyone speak Djinni?
DOCTOR: Why are you all looking at me?
WHITE GUARDIAN: I thought you knew everything, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Right, no pressure, then.
AMY: It sounds like a sequence. I can hear words repeated.
DOCTOR: That's what I'm afraid of. It's numbers.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Oh good, I thought it was something ominous.
BLACK GUARDIAN: I don't like it. I prefer things to be more random. Numbers implies law, implies rule.
DOCTOR: It's a countdown.
AMY: That's not good, is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Djinni are notoriously covetous. If a Djinni dies, he will take his whole ship with him.
WHITE GUARDIAN: A self-destruct sequence?
BLACK GUARDIAN: Fair play, it's what I'd do.
DOCTOR: You are not helping.

OMAR: Look, Nisrin. This room alone has enough silver to pay forty Caliphs.
NISRIN: We are saved?
OMAR: I believe so.
NISRIN: But what is the chanting from the walls?
OMAR: The Djinni's cave is alive. It mourns its master.
NISRIN: Are you not afraid it will avenge him?

DOCTOR: Open this door.

AMY: Doctor, say the password.
DOCTOR: Open, sim-sim.
AMY: Why isn't it working?
DOCTOR: The Djinni overrode the codes. The airlock is...
AMY: Locked?
WHITE GUARDIAN: Well, what do we do?
BLACK GUARDIAN: Doctor, do something.
DOCTOR: Listen to me. You are trapped within five dimensions until I save you.
BLACK GUARDIAN: No need to remind us, Doctor.
DOCTOR: If you don't get off this ship you will die, understand?
WHITE GUARDIAN: Right.
DOCTOR: There has to be one here somewhere.
BLACK GUARDIAN: One what?
DOCTOR: Ah ha, here.
AMY: It's another jewel, like the one in the necklace.
DOCTOR: This is a targeting lure.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Ah, like the one that nearly killed me.
DOCTOR: Yes. Take it down to the end of the ship. The far end.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Why?
DOCTOR: Because I'm going to fire the ship's projectile guns.
BLACK GUARDIAN: But they'll fire at the Jawahir. The ship will...
AMY: It will fire on itself. It could blow a hole in the hull.
DOCTOR: That's what I'm hoping for.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Why are you giving it to him? Don't... don't you trust me?
DOCTOR: Not really, no. Look, go with him if you must. Watch each other, share it, I don't care, but go!
WHITE GUARDIAN: Come on, then.
BLACK GUARDIAN: I'll make sure you do it properly.
DOCTOR: And run!

BLACK GUARDIAN: This is it.
WHITE GUARDIAN: What a big chamber, and full of treasures. If you'd just given part of this to the Caliph, you would have been fine.
BLACK GUARDIAN: I never saw *this* chamber. It is the Djinni's, not mine. He must have acquired these artefacts on other worlds before I hired him to bring me here.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Yes. But it's the front of the ship, you can tell from the converging walls.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh yes. Doctor? Doctor, we've reached the far end of the ship.
DOCTOR [OC]: Throw it. Throw the lure.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Will do.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Throw it where?
BLACK GUARDIAN: I think he wants you to throw it at the far wall.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Why?
BLACK GUARDIAN: Because when he fires the gun it's going to target on the lure, and right now the lure is...
WHITE GUARDIAN: Is... is in my hand. Oh, crikey.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Throw it, you fool! Get down!

COMPUTER: (unintelligible)
AMY: Does that mean that there is power to the gun?
DOCTOR: I hope so.
AMY: Can I press the button?
DOCTOR: Oh, by all means.
(Boom.)
AMY: Did it work? Why didn't it hit the ship?
DOCTOR: Amy, there are trajectories to work out, ups and downs and so on.
AMY: You mean the projectile is still in flight?
DOCTOR: To hit something this close the gun would have had to fire practically straight up.
AMY: Oh, I see. And the projectile would take quite a while to...
DOCTOR: To fall back down, yes.
(KaBOOM.)

BLACK GUARDIAN: Ouch! Oh, this ringing in my ears is going to stop sometime, right?
WHITE GUARDIAN: Oh, stop complaining.
BLACK GUARDIAN: My eyes! It's very bright.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Of course it's bright, it's the desert. Doctor? It worked. You've blown a hole in the hull.

AMY: Doctor, you've done it.

DOCTOR: Get out of there, all of you! Get as far away from this ship as you can. Now, Amy, they're far enough away. Convert the aurium. Make the fifth segment.

BLACK GUARDIAN: He doesn't need to tell me twice.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Me neither. Come on.

NISRIN: The Doctor. He said we should flee.

OMAR: Ignore him. Help me with these silver trinkets.

NISRIN: Master, he was quite insistent.

OMAR: I am not leaving this cave without at least some of this treasure. This is mine, it should be mine.

NISRIN: But this is stealing.

OMAR: Who is not stealing here? My father from his people? The Djinni from my father? The slave Amy from the Djinni? This cave has forty thieves, so why not join them?

NISRIN: Master, I risked my life for you. Now I will save my own.

OMAR: Nisrin!

NISRIN: If you love me, follow me now.

OMAR: Nisrin. Nisrin! Come back. Fine. Fine.

NISRIN [OC]: Quickly, Master, if you value your life more than treasure.

OMAR: I don't believe it. I am obeying a slave.

AMY: It is done.

DOCTOR: The fifth segment. Quick, put it in the satchel.

AMY: Doctor, we should get off this ship too.

DOCTOR: No Amy, this way.

AMY: But that's back into the ship.

DOCTOR: Yes, Amy. Come on.

AMY: But the way out is back the way we came.

DOCTOR: Yes Amy, I know, but I'm looking for something.

AMY: Doctor, this is not the time.

DOCTOR: Oh, but it is, Amy. This is the last place it could be.

AMY: What could be?

DOCTOR: *My* treasure. My only treasure. The Guardians followed it to Earth, to this place.

AMY: Followed what?

DOCTOR: Something that I'm sure the Djinni would regard as eminently collectible. Ah ha.

AMY: The Tardis.

DOCTOR: There you are, my beauty. Amy, help me clear this junk off it.

AMY: Will it work?

DOCTOR: Will it work? What kind of question is that? It's lying on its side, but it won't be broken.

AMY: I don't mean that, I mean, well, it's not the best vehicle in the universe, is it?

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Lucky for you you can't hurt its feelings, not with a bomb about to go off. Inside, quickly.

DOCTOR: It's good to be back home.

AMY: Doctor, will the Tardis survive the explosion?

DOCTOR: I don't intend to stick around long enough to find out, Amy. Hang on!

AMY: Doctor, the countdown is in single digits.

DOCTOR: Then we're lucky the Djinn have lots of fingers. Here goes.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Run. Run for it.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Wait!

WHITE GUARDIAN: We need to get further away from the ship.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Do you sense that?

WHITE GUARDIAN: Sense what? Yes. I can feel it.

BLACK GUARDIAN: A segment. Somehow the fifth segment is nearby.

WHITE GUARDIAN: The... the Doctor has the fifth segment. You don't think he would...? He wouldn't. Would he? The little...

BLACK GUARDIAN: Doctor!

COMPUTER: (equivalent of two, one, zero.)

(The Tardis dematerialises. KaBOOM.)

OMAR: (laughs) We're safe!
NISRIN: No thanks to you, Master.
OMAR: We are safe, and it is raining silver coins. Look, another. And another. Ow!
NISRIN: Master, take cover, quickly.
OMAR: But treasures are falling from the sky.
NISRIN: Hard enough to kill you. Have you learned nothing? Quick, into this cave.
(Whee, boom!)
OMAR: Nisrin, you are my better half, that much is true.
NISRIN: Master?
OMAR: I think from now on, you can just call me Prince Omar.
NISRIN: Well, that's a start.

AMY: Doctor, you did it. We're safe.
DOCTOR: *We* did it, Amy. I couldn't have managed without you. Now, let's see what we can do about finding the last piece of that key.
AMY: What a strange world that was.
DOCTOR: What, Earth?
AMY: That was the strangest world I have ever seen.
DOCTOR: Then be glad you can leave it behind. The Guardians are probably stuck there until we repair the Key to Time.

BLACK GUARDIAN: He found the segment. Where did he find it?
WHITE GUARDIAN: It must have been on the ship all along. But I don't sense it any more. The signal is lost again.
BLACK GUARDIAN: He has gone. He has deserted us, after all we did for him.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Does this mean we are successful? If we were, would we not have all our powers restored?
BLACK GUARDIAN: I was more than this. I laid waste to entire worlds. I needed that segment.
WHITE GUARDIAN: I too.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Now I am trapped on this world, within these dimensions.
WHITE GUARDIAN: We're all subject to a greater power, the Ruin of Vigour.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Who cannot be named.
WHITE GUARDIAN: I had power. I had power in incalculable measure, now I'm just a man.
BLACK GUARDIAN: The Doctor shall restore us. There is only one more piece to find. Only an idiot would fail to find the final segment.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Then we are all fortunate it is not your job to find it.
BLACK GUARDIAN: What's your point?
WHITE GUARDIAN: We should find shade. There's no telling how long we're going to be stuck here.
BLACK GUARDIAN: How long *you* will be stuck here, you mean, I shall return to my palace.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Powerless and despised? What fate awaits you, when Omar has the guards, and the throne, and the treasure? And the Caliphate shall put a price on your head.
BLACK GUARDIAN: I hadn't thought of that.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Maybe you haven't got all your marbles back after all.
BLACK GUARDIAN: I resent the implication.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Oh, resent all you like. Black and white, light and dark, law and chaos. It all rests on the Doctor now.
BLACK GUARDIAN: He shall choose my side, for I saved him.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Or he shall choose my side because I have never tried to kill him.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh no, no, no. My side, definitely.
WHITE GUARDIAN: What do you know? You couldn't even see a piece of the Key To Time on your own ship.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Neither could you.